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REV. ELISHA MITCHELL, D.D.

PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY, MINERALOGY AND GEOLOGY,

IN THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

E. Mitchell

Engd for the Philanthropic Society in the University.

A MEMOIR

OF THE

REV. ELISHA MITCHELL, D. D.,

LATE PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY, MINERALOGY & GEOLOGY

IN THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA :

TOGETHER WITH

THE TRIBUTES OF RESPECT TO HIS MEMORY, BY VARIOUS PUBLIC MEETINGS AND LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS,

AND

THE ADDRESSES DELIVERED

AT THE RE-INTERMENT OF HIS REMAINS,

BY

RT. REV. JAMES H. OTEY, D. D.,

BISHOP OF TENNESSEE,

AND

HON. DAVID L. SWAIN, LL. D.,

PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY.

—o—

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CONTENTS.

PAGE

MEMOIR, BY PROFESSOR C. PHILLIPS, - - - - - 5

SEARCH FOR PROFESSOR MITCHELL'S BODY, - - - 13

FUNERAL SERMON BY DR. CHAPMAN, - - - - - 20

PUBLIC MEETINGS :—

Meeting at Asheville ;
" " Chapel Hill ;
" " Fayetteville ;
" " Greensborough ;
" " Wilmington ; . - - - - - - 26—34

TESTIMONIALS OF RESPECT :—

Resolutions of the Trustees of the University:
" of the Faculty ;
" of the Students ;
" of the Dialectic Society ;
" of the Philanthropic Society ;
" of the Trustees of Davidson College ;
" of the Faculty of Davidson College ;
" of the Commissioners of Chapel Hill ;
Minute of the Presbytery of Orange ;
" of the Synod of North Carolina, - - - 35—44

THE RE-INTERMENT :—

Proposed Monument ;
Proceedings of the 16th of June—Mr. Battle's Letter ;
Mount Mitchell, a Poem, - - - - - - - 45—53

BISHOP OTEY'S FUNERAL ORATION, - - - - - - 55

Advertisement ;
PRESIDENT SWAIN'S ADDRESS, - - - - - 75—88

MEMOIR.

BY PROFESSOR CHARLES PHILLIPS.

ELISHA MITCHELL, D. D., Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Geology in the University of North Carolina, was born in Washington, Litchfield County, Connecticut, on the 19th of August, 1793. He was the eldest son of ABNER MITCHELL, a respectable farmer of that township, whose wife, PHŒBE ELIOT, was a descendant in the fifth generation of JOHN ELIOT, the celebrated "Apostle to the Indians." Dr. MITCHELL was thus a member of a family now very widely spread over the United States, and reckoning many who have exercised much influence in Commerce, Politics, Science, and Religion. He possessed many of the characteristics which marked the ELIOTS, especially of the earlier generations. The Rev. JARED ELIOT, M. D. and D. D., minister for many years at Killingworth, Connecticut, was Dr. MITCHELL'S great-grandfather. He was distinguished in his own times for his knowledge of History, Natural Philosophy, Botany, and Mineralogy, while as a theologian he was sound in the faith and delighted in the doctrines of Gospel Grace. Among his correspondents were Dr. FRANKLIN and Bishop BERKELEY, and in 1762 he was honored by the Royal Society of London with a gold medal for a valuable discovery in the manufacture of Iron. This ancestor Dr. MITCHELL closely resembled in many peculiarities of body and soul. Both were men of large stature, of great bodily strength, of untiring activity, of restless curiosity, of varied and extensive attainments, of a quaint and quiet humor, of persevering generosity, and of a well established piety. This desire for excellence in things pertaining to the mind was a prominent feature in Dr. MITCHELL'S character from early childhood. When only four years old he acted a spirited part in an exhibition of the school he then attended, greatly to his own satisfaction, and to the delight of his friends. As he grew older, he was never so well pleased as when his playmates would gather around him to hear him tell what he had read in his books, and explain the pictures they contained. His preparation for college was completed by the Rev. AZEL BACKUS, D. D., who maintained

for many years a classical school at Bethlem in Litchfield County, and was afterwards the first President of Hamilton College in New York. Dr. Backus was famous in his day for skill in training boys. He exercised a very strong control, over even the vicious, by his genial disposition, his good common sense, his keen wit, his unsleeping vigilance, his long suffering patience, his respectable attainments in Science, and his devout deference to the will of God. Those who knew Dr. Mitchell will readily perceive that many of his excellent peculiarities, as a man and as a Professor, must have received an important developement by his association with Dr. Backus.

Dr. Mitchell graduated at Yale College in 1813. along with the Hon. George E. Badger, Dr. Olmsted, President Longstreet, Mr. Thomas P. Devereux, the Rev. Mr. Singletary, and others who have been of note in various walks in life. Among these he was counted as one of the best scholars in their class, being especially distinguished for his knowledge of English Literature. He was very popular with his College mates, and the younger members of the Institution especially delighted to do him honor. The College Society to which he belonged depended on him to gain it credit on public occasions. His fine physiognomy, the dignity of his person, the originality of his discussions, and the humor that enlivened them, rendered his orations acceptable to his audiences, and secured him respect from men of taste and education. It was not till the Senior year that he became thoughtful on the subject of Religion. The kind and gentle persuasions of a classmate—a man of humble powers of mind but of exemplary piety—had great influence in leading him to that serious examination of his life and hopes, which resulted in his conversion.

On quitting College, Dr. Mitchell taught in a school for boys, under the care of Dr. Eigenbrodt, at Jamaica, in Long Island. Afterwards, in the Spring of 1815, he took charge of a school for girls in New London, Connecticut. Here he formed an acquaintance with Miss Maria S. North, who was the daughter of an eminent physician of that place, and became his wife in 1819. Experience has shown the wisdom of this choice, inasmuch as for nearly forty years this lady presided over his household, so as to command his entire esteem and confidence. In 1816 Dr. Mitchell became a Tutor in Yale College, and while so engaged he was recommended to the favorable notice of the Trustees of the University of North Carolina. This was done through Judge Gaston, by the Rev. Sereno E. Dwight, a son of President Dwight, and at that time Chaplain to the Senate of the United States. Ever since 1802 one of the most active and judicious of the Trustees of the University, Judge Gaston was at that time a member of the House of Representatives, and on terms of intimacy with Mr.

Dwight. Because of this recommendation, in 1817, these gentlemen were appointed each to a professorship in the University of North Carolina—Dr. Mitchell to the chair of Mathematics then vacated by Dr. Caldwell's elevation to the Presidency, and Dr. Olmsted to the chair of Chemistry, then first established at the University. After spending a short time at the Theological Seminary in Andover, Massachusetts, and receiving a license to preach the Gospel from an orthodox Congregational Association in Connecticut, Dr. Mitchell reached Chapel Hill on the last day of January, 1818, and immediately began to discharge his duties as a professor—a labor from which he ceased only by reason of death. In the discharge of these duties he exhibited an energy, a vigilance, an intelligence, a good common sense, a self denial, an attention to minute particulars, and a success rarely surpassed or even equalled. During the thirty-nine-and-a-half years of his connection with the University his absences from his post on account of sickness, visits to the seat of government, attendance on ecclesiastical bodies, and from all other causes, did not occupy, on an average, more than three days in a year. Indeed, it may be safely stated that, throughout that entire period, his days and his nights, in term time and in vacation, were devoted to his professorship. No one of the hundreds of Students who have been connected with the University during the last generation will be able to recall the memory of his absence from morning and evening prayers but as a rare exception to a general rule.

Dr. Mitchell preached his first sermon in the College Chapel shortly after his arrival there, and his last in Salisbury, North Carolina, when on his way to the scene of the labours that cost him his life. He was ordained to the full work of the Christian Ministry by the Presbytery of Orange in Hillsborough, North Carolina, in the fall of 1821. During his long ministry there were very few weeks in which he did not declare to his fellow men the will of God for their salvation. He always and most heartily acknowledged that this Kosmos, with whose varied phenomena he was very conversant, was created and controlled by a personal God, whose wisdom, power, goodness, and holiness he set forth with no little skill, and often with a very striking originality. This he did during a time wherein too many of his associates in the investigation of Nature indulged in speculations, and clothed them in language, that ignored the existence of an authoritative revelation concerning Creation and Providence. His minute acquaintance with the Archaiology and Geography of the Holy Scriptures rendered his exposition of them at times luminous in a remarkable degree, and, most deeply interesting. For the redemption of the one race of mankind, from the abyss of sin and misery into which the fall of Adam had plunged it, he looked only to the mystery of the Cross inwrought by the

Holy Ghost and received by Faith into the heart of each individual, and he rested his own soul thereon with sincere and deep felt emotions. During his eventful life he was ever an attentive observer of the signs of the times, being a great reader of newspapers and other periodicals. In these he had noticed so many associations for the reformation of the evils in humanity, skilfully organized and vehemently recommended, and after all, superseded by their original projectors, that while he did not oppose schemes, which, devised by man, relied on the organization of his fellow men for the attainment of reformation, he was not disappointed when these attempts failed; and he persevered in the old way of presenting to his hearers the necessity of a prompt and persevering dependence on the power of personal and revealed religion to regulate the affections and the daily life.

But it was as a professor that Dr. Mitchell displayed the most energy and accomplished the greatest results. Until 1825 he presided over the department of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. During this period the doctrine of Fluxions, now called the Calculus, was introduced into the College curriculum, and the degree of attainment in other branches of Mathematics was elevated considerably. In 1825, when Dr. Olmsted accepted a situation in Yale College, Dr. Mitchell was transferred to the chair thus vacated and left his own to be filled by Dr. Phillips. The pursuit of Natural Science had always been a delightful employment with Dr. Mitchell. Even while a Professor of Mathematics he had frequently indulged his taste for Botany by pedestrian excursions through the country around Chapel Hill. After he took upon himself instruction in Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Geology he extended and multiplied these excursions, so that when he died he was known in almost every part of North Carolina, and he left no one behind him better acquainted with its mountains, vallies, and plains, its birds, beasts, bugs, fishes, and shells, its trees, flowers, vines, and mosses, its rocks, stones, sands, clays and marls. Although in Silliman's Journal, and in other periodicals less prominent but circulating more widely nearer home, he published many of his discoveries concerning North Carolina, yet it is to be regretted that he did not print more, and in a more permanent form. It would doubtless have thus appeared that he knew and perhaps justly estimated the worth of many facts which much later investigators have proclaimed as their own remarkable discoveries. But the information he gathered was for his own enjoyment, and for the instruction of his pupils. On these he lavished, to their utmost capacity for reception, the knowledge that he had gathered by his widely extended observations, and had stored up mainly in the recesses of his own singularly retentive memory.

But it was not only for accuracy and intelligence as a personal observer, that Dr. Mitchell was famous, marked as his exertions were by a wonderful activity of body, patience of labour, and insensibility to fatigue. He read greedily all that he had a chance to read on the subjects directly or indirectly concerning his professorship, and on many other things besides. So that he well deserved the name of "the walking Encyclopedia." There were very few subjects on which men of polite literature, or of abstract as well as natural science converse, wherein he was not an intelligent and appreciative listener, or an instructive teacher. His knowledge of Geography was wonderful. It was a constant amusement for him to read the advertisements in a large commercial newspaper, to learn what things were bought and sold in the markets of the world, and then to sit down and find out where the things were manufactured. Such was his reputation for these acquisitions that when any one wanted some rare information on a Historical, or Geographical, or more strictly Scientific matter, it was a common thing to say, "Go, ask Dr. Mitchell." He also kept himself supplied with periodicals and magazines in which the Sciences he taught were developing; for he loved to have his knowledge fresh, and would not wait for others to winnow the true from the false. He took pleasure in running the pure metal from the crude ore for himself. His large library contained something on almost every thing. But it was in such a form, and obtained in such times, and at such prices that in the market it never would have brought any approximation to what it cost him. The Sciences he taught were developing while he taught them, and he felt it incumbent on him to have at the earliest moment whatever treatise he heard of as likely to secure him the best and latest information. Much of what Dr. Mitchell had to read is not now necessary, and many of his acquisitions may seem to others useless, but he thus provided that no one of his pupils left his laboratory without having an opportunity of learning all that was of interest or of use to him on the subjects there discussed. Nor were his remarkable accomplishments as a professor confined to his own department. In the Ancient Languages he was frequently ready and able to help a colleague who was prevented from discharging his own duties. In the Mathematics he would often, at public examinations, propose such questions as showed that his earlier love still retained a hold on his attention and affections. He was a good writer, and in the department of Belles Lettres he was a well-read and instructive critic. When it was known that he was to deliver an address before the North Carolina Agricultural Society, a friend, who knew him well, exclaimed, "I'll warrant that Dr. Mitchell begins at the garden of Eden." And so he did. But by the time that, passing through Egypt and Canaan, Greece

and Rome and Great Britain, he got to Chatham County in North Carolina, he furnished, as usual, an essay full of rare information, judicious suggestions, peculiar humour, and excellent common sense.

As a teacher, Dr. Mitchell took great pains in inculcating the first principles of Science. These he set forth distinctly in the very beginning of his instructions, and he never let his pupils lose sight of them. When brilliant and complicated phenomena were presented for their contemplation, he sought not to excite their wonder or magnify himself in their eyes as a man of suprising acquirements, or as a most dexterous manipulator, but to exhibit such instances as most clearly set forth fundamental laws, and demanded the exercise of a skilful analysis. Naturally of a cautious disposition, such had been his own experience, and so large was his acquaintance with the experience of others, that he was not easily excited when others announced unexpected discoveries among the laws and the phenomena which he had been studying for years as they appeared.—While others were busy in prophesying revolutions in social or political economy, he was quietly awaiting the decisions of experience. He constantly taught his pupils that there were times wherein they must turn from the voice of the charmer, charm he ever so sweetly. His influence on the developments of Science was eminently conservative, for he loved the old landmarks. As a disciplinarian he was vigilant, conscientious, long suffering, firm, and mild. Believing that the prevention was better than the cure of the ills of a College life, he was constantly watching to guard the Students from a violation of the rules of morality and common propriety. When offences were committed, to the offender he set forth his conduct in its true light, and often with very plain language. But when punishment was to be inflicted he generally proposed that which appealed to the culprit's better feelings, and left him a door open for a return to a better mind and an earnest attempt for his reformation. Many cases are known where such unwearied and unostentatious kindness has produced the happiest results. How widely extended it was no one can tell now for it was almost always shown to the receiver alone. It sprang from a love to man and fear of God, for Dr. Mitchell never feared the face of his fellow.

Dr. Mitchell enjoyed being busy. Neither laziness nor idleness entered into his composition, so that he always had something which he was doing heartily. Besides being a Professor, he educated his own children and especially his daughters to a degree not often attempted. He was a regular preacher in the College Chapel and in the village Church, the College Bursar, a Justice of the peace, a Farmer, a Commissioner for the village of Chapel Hill, and at times its Magistrate of Police. What-

ever plans he laid were generally sketched on a large scale, and when executed, they were commonly well done. Although a man of strong feelings, his excitement rarely lasted long, and he did not harbour resentment even when he had to remove unjust suspicions, or forgive unmerited injuries. His generosity was abundant, and was often appealed to again and again. No friend of his ever asked him for help without getting all that he could give him. In this he often swore to his own hurt yet he did not change.

Such were the leading characteristics of Dr. Mitchell who loved God and every thing He has made; and now, while his colleagues mourn for one who counselled with wisdom and executed with vigour—while men of Science miss the co-operation of a learned associate members of the Cabinet and Ministers to foreign countries, with Senators and Representatives in Congress, Governors of our States with their Judges and their Legislators, Ambassadors from the Court of Heaven, and men of renown in the professsions, learned Professors, with famous School-masters, and thousands of other pupils in more retired positions rise up in all parts of our country to do their revered preceptor high honor. His bow abode in strength to the last, neither was his natural force abated. He died as Abner died, and because they loved him unlettered slaves as well as mighty men followed his bier weeping.

Dr. Mitchell perished on Saturday, the 27th of June, 1857, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. He attempted alone to descend Mt. Mitchell the highest peak of the Black Mountain which is in Yancey County, North Carolina. But a thunder storm detained him on the mountain, so that it was evening and dark as he was groping his way down the mountain's sides. Not far from nineteen minutes past eight—for his watch marked that time—he pitched head-long some forty feet down the precipice into a small but deep pool of water that feeds the Sugar Camp Fork of Caney River. At the bottom of this pool he was found on the 8th of July by Mr. Thomas D. Wilson, who with some two hundred other mountain men were looking for Dr. Mitchell in every glen on the sides of that fearful mountain mass. This was the fifth visit that Dr. Mitchell had paid to the Black Mountain, the others being in 1835, 1838, 1844, and 1856 respectively. His object at this time was partly personal, and partly Scientific. He wished to correct the mistakes into which some had been led concerning his earlier visits, and to so compare the indications of the Spirit Level and the Barometer, that future explorers of mountain heights might have increased confidence in the results afforded them by these instruments. His untimely end left both parts of this work to be completed by the pious hands of others.

Dr. Mitchell was buried in Asheville, North Carolina, on the 10th of July, 1857, by the side of one of his College mates. But at the earnest solicitation of many friends, and especially of the mountain men of Yancey, his family allowed his body to be removed and deposited on the top of Mt. Mitchell. This was done on the 16th of June, 1858. There he shall rest till the Judgment Day, in a mausoleum such as no other man has ever had. Reared by the hands of Omnipotence, it was assigned to him by those to whom it was given thus to express their esteem, and it was consecrated by the lips of eloquence warmed by affection, amidst the rites of our Holy Religion. Before him lies the North Carolina he loved so well and served so faithfully. From his lofty couch its hills and vallies melt into its plains as they stretch away to the shores of the eastern ocean, whence the dawn of the last day stealing quietly westward, as it lights the mountain tops first, shall awake him earliest to hear the greeting of

"Well done good and faithful servant."

THE SEARCH FOR PROFESSOR MITCHELL'S BODY.

From the Asheville Spectator.

Messrs. Editors—Having spent a week at the scene of this memorable calamity, in search of the body of Dr. Mitchell, and assisting in its removal after it was found, I have been requested by sundry citizens to give to the public a sketch of the deplorable event. In accordance with their request, I now take my pen to give you all I know of the accident, which has caused so much sorrowful excitement in this region, and which I doubt not will unnerve the public feeling to its centre throughout the State when the sad tidings shall be generally known.

It is known to all who have felt interested in our State Geography, that there lately sprung up a dispute between the Hon. T. L. Clingman and Dr. Mitchell, in regard to one of the high peaks of the Black Mountain put down in Cook's map as Mt. Clingman. The former alledging that he was first to measure and ascertain its superior height to any other point on the range, and the latter gentleman asserting that he was on that same peak and measured it in the year 1844. After several letters, pro and con, through the newspapers, Dr. Mitchell announced last fall his intention of visiting the mountains again for the purpose of re-measuring the peak in dispute, taking the statements of some gentlemen who had acted as his guides on his former visits, &c. Sometime since, about the middle of June, I think, he came up, in company with his son Chas. A Mitchell, his daughter, and a servant boy, established his headquarters at Jesse Stepp's, at the foot of the mountain, and began the laborious task of ascertaining the height of the highest peak by an instrumental survey, which as the former ad-measurements were only barometrical, would fix its altitude with perfect accuracy. He had proceeded with his work near two weeks, and had reached to some quarter of a mile above Mr. Wm. Patton's Mountain House, by Saturday evening, 2½ o'clock, the 27th of June, at which time he quit work and told his son that he was going to cross the mountain to the settlement on Caney River for the purpose of seeing Mr. Thomas Wilson, Wm. Riddle, and I believe another Mr. Wilson, who had guided him up to the top on a former visit. He promised to return to the Mountain House on Monday at noon. There was no one with him. This was the last time he was ever seen alive. On Monday his son repaired to the Mountain House to meet his father, but he did not come. Tuesday the same thing occurred, and though considerable uneasiness was felt for his safety, yet there were so many ways to account for his delay that it was scarcely thought necessary to alarm the neighborhood; but when Wednes-

day night came and brought no token of him, his son and Mr. John Stepp immediately started on Thursday morning to Caney River in search of him. On arriving at Mr. Thos. Wilson's, what was their astonishment and dismay to learn that he had neither been seen nor heard of in that settlement! They immediately returned to Mr. Stepp's, the alarm was given, and before sundown on Friday evening companies of the hardy mountaineers from the North Fork of the Swannanoa were on their way up the mountain. The writer, happening to be present on a visit to the Black, joined the first company that went up. About eighteen persons camped at the Mountain House that evening, and continued accessions were made to our party during the night, by the good citizens of that neighborhood, who turned out at the call of humanity as fast as they heard the alarm, some from their fields, some from working on the road, and all without a moment's hesitation. Early on Saturday morning our party under the command of Mr. Fred Burnett and his sons, all experienced hunters, and Jesse Stepp and others who were familiar with the mountains, struck out for the main top, and began the search by scouring the woods on the left hand or Caney River side of the trail that runs along the top. We continued on this way to the highest peak without discovering any traces whatever of his passage, when our company became so scattered into small parties that no further systematic search could be made that day. But directly in our rear as we came up the mountain was Mr. Eldridge Burnett with some more of his neighbors, who had come from their houses that morning; and hearing a report that Dr. Mitchell had expressed his intention of striking a bee line from the top for the settlements without following the blazed trail way to Caney River, they searched for signs in that direction, and soon found a trail in the soft moss and fern that was believed to have been made by him, and followed it until it came to the first fork of Caney, where it was lost. Nothing doubting but they were on his track, and that he had continued down the stream, they went several miles along the beat of the river, over inconceivably rough and dangerous ground, until dark, when they threw themselves upon the earth and rested till morning. Mr. Stepp, Mr. Fred. Burnett and others made their way to Wilson's on Caney River to join the company that was coming up from the Yancey side, and the writer and many others returned, gloomy and disappointed to the Mountain House. Thus ended the first day's search. During almost the entire day the rain had poured down steadily, the air was cold and chilling, the thermometer indicating about 44° at noon, whilst the heavy clouds wrapped the whole mountain in such a dense fog that it was impossible to see any distance before us. It seemed as if the genii of those vast mountain solitudes were angered at our un-

wonted intrusion, and had invoked the Storm-God to enshroud in deeper gloom the sad and mysterious fate of their noble victim.

Sabbath morning came, but its holy stillness and sacred associations were all unregarded, and the party camping in the Mountain House, now largely augmented by constant arrivals from the settlements, plunged again into the gloomy forest of gigantic firs, and filing through the dark and deep gorges struck far down into the wilds of Caney River. Mr. Eldridge Burnett's party returned about 2 o'clock, bringing no tidings and seeing no further trace whatever of the wanderer's footsteps. Still later in the day Messrs. Fred. Burnett and Jesse Stepp and party returned with some twelve or fifteen of the cizens of Caney River, having traversed a large scope of country and finding still no trace of the lost one. The rain still continued to pour down, and the gloomy and ill-omened fog still continued to wrap the mountain's brow in its rayless and opaque shroud. Just before dark the remaining party came in, unsuccessful, tired, hungry and soaking with water. A general gloom now overspread the countenances of all, as the awful and almost undeniable fact was proclaimed, that Dr. Mitchell was surely dead, and our only object in making the search, would be to recue his mortal remains from the wild beasts and give them christian sepulture! It could not be possible, we thought, that he was alive, for cold, and hunger, and fatigue, if nothing worse had happened to him, would ere this have destroyed him. Alas! we reasoned too well. By this time the alarm had spread far and near, and many citizens of Asheville and other parts of the country were flocking to the mountains to assist in the search for one so universally beloved and respected. On Monday tho company numbered some sixty men. New routes were projected, new ground of search proposed, and the hunt conducted throughout the day with renewed energy and determination, but still without avail. On Tuesday the company of Buncombe men separated into three squads and took different routes, whilst Mr. Thomas Wilson and his neighbors from Caney River, took a still more distant route, by going to the top of the highest peak and searching down towards the Cat-tail fork of the River. They were led to take this route by the suggestion of Mr. Wilson, that Dr. M. had gone up that way in his visit to the high peak in 1844, and that perhaps he had undertaken to go down by the same route. They accordingly struck out for that point, and turning to the left to strike down the mountain in the prairie near the top, at the very spot where it is alleged that the Doctor entered it thirteen years ago, they instantly perceived the impression of feet upon the yielding turf, pointing down the mountain in the direction indicated of his former route. After tracing it some distance with that unerring woodcraft which is so wonderful to all

but the close observing hunter, they became convinced that it was his trail and sent a messenger back some five miles to inform the Buncombe men, and telling them to hurry on as fast as they could. The writer with Mr. Charles Mitchell and many others were in a deep valley on the head waters of another fork of the river, when the blast of a horn and the firing of guns on a distant peak, made us aware that some discovery was made. Hurrying with breathless haste up the steep mountain side in the direction of the guns we soon came up and found the greater part of our company watching for us, with the news that the Yancey company were upon the trail we had been so earnestly seeking so many days. After a brief consultation, two or three of our party returned to the Mountain House for provisions, and the balance of us started as fast as we could travel along the main top towards our Yancey friends, and reached the high peak just before dark. Here we camped in a small cabin built by Mr. Jesse Stepp, ate a hasty supper and threw ourselves upon the floor, without covering, to rest.

About 1 o'clock in the night, just as the writer was about closing his eyes in troubled and uneasy slumber, a loud halloo was heard from the high bluff that looms over the cabin. It was answered from within and in a moment every sleeper was upon his feet. Mr. Jessè Stepp, Capt. Robert Patton and others, then came down and told us that the body was found. Mournfully then indeed those hardy sons of the mountain seated themselves around the smouldering cabin fire, and on the trunks of the fallen firs, and then, in the light of a glorious full moon, whose rays penciled the dark damp forest with liquid silver, seven thousand feet above the tide-washed sands of the Atlantic, the melancholy tale was told. Many a heart was stilled with sadness as the awful truth was disclosed and many a rough face glittered with a tear in the refulgent moon-light as it looked upon the marble pallor and statue-stillness of the stricken and bereaved son, and thought of those far away whom this sudden evil would so deeply afflict.

It was as they expected. The deceased had undertaken to go the same route to the settlements which he had formerly gone. They traced him rapidly down the precipices of the mountain, until they reached the stream (the Cat-tail fork), found his traces going down it—following on a hundred yards or so, they came to a rushing cataract some forty feet high, saw his foot-prints trying to climb around the edge of the yawning precipice, saw the moss torn up by the outstretched hand, and then—the solid, impressionless granite refused to tell more of his fate. But clambering hastily to the bottom of the roaring abyss, they found a basin worn out of the solid rock by the frenzied torrent, at least fourteen feet deep, filled with clear

and crystal waters cold and pure as the winter snow that generates them. At the bottom of this basin, quietly reposing, with outstretched arms, lay the mortal remains of the Rev. Elisha Mitchell, D. D., the good, the great, the wise, the simple minded, the pure of heart, the instructor of youth, the disciple of knowledge and the preacher of Christianity! Oh what friend to science and virtue, what youth among all the thousands that have listened to his teachings, what friend that has ever taken him by the hand, can think of this wild and awful scene unmoved by the humanity of tears! can think of those gigantic pyramidal firs, whose interlocking branches shut out the light of heaven, the many hued rhododendrons that freight the air with their perfume and lean weepingly over the waters, that crystal stream leaping down the great granites and hastening from the majestic presence of the mighty peak above, whilst in the deep pool below, where the weary waters rest but a single moment, lies the inanimate body of his dear friend and preceptor, apparently listening to the mighty requiem of the cataract!! Truly "Man knoweth not his time, and the sons of men are entrapped in the evil, when it cometh suddenly upon them."

Upon consultation it was thought best to let the body remain in the water until all arrangements were completed for its removal and interment; judging rightly that the cold and pure waters would better preserve it, than it could be kept in any other way. At day light a number of hands went to cutting out a trail from the top of the mountain to where the body lay, a distance of three miles, whilst others went to Asheville to make the necessary arrangements. Word was also sent to the coroner of Yancey, and to the citizens generally to come and assist us in raising the body on Wednesday morning. At that time a large number of persons assembled at Mr. Jesse Stepp's and set out for the spot, bearing the coffin upon our shoulders up the dreary steeps. We had gone near ten miles in this way and had just turned down from the high peak towards the river, when we were met by Mr. Coroner Ayers, and about fifty of the citizens of Yancey, coming up with the body. They had got impatient at our delay, and enveloping the body in a sheet and fastening it securely upon a long pole, laid it upon the shoulders of ten men and started up the mountain. And now became manifest the strength and hardihood of those noble mountaineers. For three miles above them the precipitous granites and steep mountain sides forbade almost the ascent of an unincumbered man, which was rendered doubly difficult by great trunks of trees, and the thick and tangled laurel which blocked up the way. The load was near two hundred and fifty pounds and only two men could carry at once. But nothing daunted by the fearful exertion before them, they step boldly up the way, fresh hands stepped in every few moments, all struggling without inter-

mission and eager to assist in the work of humanity. Anon they would come to a place at which it was impossible for the bearers to proceed, and then they would form a line by taking each others hands the uppermost man grasping a tree and with shouts of encouragement heave up by main strength. In this way, after indescribably toiling for some hours they reached the spot. Here was afforded another instance of the great affection and regard in which the deceased was held by all. These bold and hardy men desired to have the body buried there and contended for it long and earnestly. They said that he had first made known the superior height of their glorious mountain and noised their fame almost throughout the Union, that he had died whilst contending for his right to that loftiest of all the Atlantic mountains, on which we then stood, and they desired to place his remains right there, and at no other spot. It would indeed have been an appropriate resting place for him, and greatly was it wished for by the whole country, before its being told them that his family wanted his remains brought down. They reluctantly yielded, and the Buncombe men proceeded to bring the body slowly down the valley of the Swannanoa. Before leaving the top, the writer took down the names of all present, and will ask you to publish them to the world, as men who have done honor to our common humanity by their generous and disinterested conduct on this melancholy occasion. I am no flatterer, Messrs. Editors, but I must confess that the labor which these mountain men expended and the sacrifice they so willingly and cheerfully made, is worthy of all praise and admiration. May God reward their kindness; I feel sure, the numerous friends and pupils of the dear deceased would rather read the list of these men's names than the "ayes and naes" of any Congressional vote that has been recorded in many a day.

FROM YANCEY.

Nathaniel B. Ray, I. M. Broyles, Joseph Shephard, Washington Broyles, Henry Wheeler, Thomas Wilson, Jas. M. Ray, D. W. Burleson, G. B. Silvers, J. O. Griffith, E. Williams, A. D. Allen, A. L. Ray, Thomas D. Wilson, E. A. Pyatt, D. W. Howard, W. M. Astin, James H. Riddle, Dr. W. Crumley, G. D. Ray, Burton Austin, James Allen, Henry Ray, T. L. Randolph, John McPeters, W. B. Creasman, S. J. Nanney, Samuel Ray, E. W. Boren, Rev. W. C. Bowman, J. W. Bailey, Thomas Silvers, Jr., Thomas Calloway, Henry Allen, J. L. Gibbs, Jesse Ray, James Hensley, Robert Riddle, W. D. Williams, J. D. Young, William Rolen, G. W. Wilson, John Rogers, James Allen, Jr. J. W. Ayres, J. F. Presnell, R. A. Rumple, W. J. Hensley, D. H. Silvers, R. Don Wilson, Jas. Calloway.

FROM BUNCOMBE.

S. C. Lambert, William Burnett, R. H. Burnett, R. J. Fortune, Ephraim Glass, J. H. Bartlett, B. F. Fortune, A. N. Alexander, James Gaines, J. E. Ellison, John F. Bartlett, F. F. Bartlett, Elijah Kearly, E. Clayton, A. Burgin, Jesse Stepp, D. F. Summey, T. J. Corpning, Harris Ellison, T. B. Boyd, A. J. Lindsey, Joshua Stepp, William Powers, R. P. Lambert, Tisdale Stepp, Daniel Burnett, Thadeus C. Coleman, A. F. Harris, W. C. Fortune, Fletcher Fortune, Capt. Robert Patton, Cooper, servant of Wm. Patton, John, servant of Fletcher Fortune, Esq.

A. J. Emmerson, Chatham County, A. E. Rhodes, Jones County, H. H. Young, and Moses Dent, Franklin County; all students of Wake Forest College.

This list does not comprise all who assisted in the search, as much to my regret I did not take a list of any but those present at the removal of the body. I believe, however, that the names of all are recorded on the register of Mr. Patton's Mountain House, where the friends of Dr. Mitchell can see them when they visit (as I have no doubt many will) the scene of his death.

This ends my brief sketch of this melancholy affair. As to any eulogy upon Dr. Mitchell's character I feel myself unequal to the task. I trust that it will be appropriately pronounced by some one of his learned and devoted fellow laborers of the University. My feeble pen could add nothing to his moral and intellectual stature. I will only say, that I loved him as sincerely as any one in the State. I am gratified to be able to state that unusual kindness and respect was exhibited by every citizen of the country throughout the whole transaction.

Yours truly, Z. B. VANCE.

A FUNERAL SERMON,

DELIVERED IN THE

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AT ASHEVILLE,

ON THE TENTH OF JULY 1857.

By the REV. ROBERT HETT CHAPMAN, D. D.,

A SON OF THE SECOND PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY.

MAN KNOWETH NOT HIS TIME: * * * THE SONS OF MEN ARE SNARED IN AN EVIL WHEN IT FALLETH SUDDENLY UPON THEM.—Eccl. chap. 9, v. 12.

What words of truth are these? and how fearfully have they been realized in the incidents which have convened us here to-day! The doctrine of the Text is, that there is a dreadful uncertainty respecting things terrestial—that trials, and changes, and death are our heritage here—that in our calmest, and even apparently in our safest hours, we are but short sighted and frail—all exposed and in peril; and know not what a day may bring forth! Children of clay, and inhabiting a globe of graves, we are in peril every hour! It is true the Almighty upholds, and we are in His hands! His Providence is over us, but whether it shall be afflictive, or benignant—whether of the issues of Life, or of Death we cannot tell! The future is all before us, but shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it! its issues, and its events are alone known to the Infinite! To the Christian, and in his conception there are no accidents—nothing fortuitous—the hand of God is in it all; and so it is in point of fact *with us all;* whether we realize it, or not—God telleth off your days and mine, and those of the entire race!—as an hireling we shall each accomplish our day, and then pass on and up to the Judgment of the great God! Then should we not watch? ought we not to be ready? lest suddenly coming He find us sleeping!

Man knoweth not his time! but certain it is, that here, on earth, wherever found he is all incident to suffering—exposed to calamity and danger—the sure victim of coming dissolution, aye the certain trophy of Death! His leaden fingers shall be laid upon you and me, chilling the pulsations of life—His arm of power shall be by us felt, breaking the golden bowl at the fountain!—we shall all experience his wasting influence, changing

the countenance and bidding us pass from Earth to the Spirit Land! but when these trials shall reach us:—when we shall each in our lot go down before the puissant arm of him, who breaks the sword of valor, and takes the diadem from the brow of kings—when the veil shall part before your spirit's eye and mine, and the gales of eternity shall freshen upon our souls, God alone knows! Sometimes danger and death show themselves in the distance, and with slow and steady step gradually approach, letting us know, that they aim at us and ours, and that their office and work is with us; at other times they draw nigh with steady tread—noiseless, silent, unperceived they gather round; their presence is but recognized in their attack—in the marks of their desolation—in the affixing of an unchanging seal which cannot be mistaken, and which can neither be blotted out, nor broken! All may be quiet without, and calm within; and there may be no sense of danger, and no fear—but Death is there, and sudden destruction. The veil of Eternity sometimes parts as in the twinkling of an eye and the soul without sign or token, or note or warning, is in the spirit land, summoned to the presence of God, its Infinite Judge! Ah, Friends! the text is true, "Man knoweth not his time." The sons of men are oftentimes snared in sudden calamity; there is an awful, a fearful uncertainty as to what is before us, when we shall be called on to lay aside these vestments of mortality, and to stand before Jehovah God our Judge! Then is it not wise?—would it not be well to have our preparation work well and early done, that we may stand ready, and waiting for the coming of the Son of Man? "Man knoweth not his Time—as the fish are taken in a net, as the birds are caught in a snare, so are the sons of men snared in an evil when it falleth suddenly upon them." My Text has been selected, and the train of thought just indulged in, suggested, by one of those fearful incidents of life which alike startle and appall! Tidings of them fall not listlessly on human ears, they fail not deeply, and painfully to affect human hearts! It is no ordinary death scene that we chronicle; nor is it the departure from the scenes of time of any ordinary man, that we have met in the Sanctuary to meditate upon! Elisha Mitchell! the loved and venerated—the astute and wise—the man of God and Christian Minister, lies low in death! He is no more of earth, for God hath taken him up to the scenes of the spiritual, and caused him to mingle in the realities of the eternal world! His family are bereft of their Head—no more shall he guide them by his counsels, nor at morning and evening lead their devotions;—the temple of Science has had extinguished in him one of its living lights, and taken down and removed is one of its stalwart pillars! The Church of God and its courts have in him lost an advocate—a judicious counsellor, and prized presbyter! His seat

at the family table, in the hall of Science, and within the Sanctuary of God, have alike been vacated by the sad event which has convened us, and which we are endeavoring spiritually to improve! His agency as father, friend, and instructor, and Christian Minister has ceased; and no more shall we enjoy his converse, weigh his counsels, or go with him up to the House of God! Ye reckon it in days since some of you enjoyed his sunny smile and kind hearted converse, and communion! When last with him, aye when last seen of mortal vision, he was full of life—as buoyant with hope, and had as bright promise of future years and usefulness, as had any of you, or your race! but he is not—his summons was sudden—fearfully sudden! Yours may be as sudden, and not as safe! He died emphatically alone! Neither wife nor brother nor son nor friend nor man was near! Amid mountain fastnesses, under laurel shades, and with unceasing sound of moaning pines and rushing waters, furnishing an appropriate requiem, alone and without human aid or sympathy, he breathed out his life. Except for efforts the most patient and untiring on the part of the community, his death as to its place, and means, and time would have remained a mystery; his grave would have been unknown and his body unsepultured. There is something, at once grand and fearful in such a death! Far from human habitation—amid the solitude of nature—her works there on the grandest scale—it brings up those mounts of God mentioned in the Scripture, Pisgah and Nebo, and suggests the death scene of the "Ruler of His people" as connected therewith—Angels performed the dying offices of the one, nor is it vain speculation to suppose that in needful form and sympathy they were present with the other; this sure Word of God informs us that they minister to the heirs of salvation!

I have said Dr. Mitchell was alone in his death—I speak of earth and of man—I except angelic influences, and the presence of his covenant God and Saviour! He who stamped grandeur on those mountains, and marked out a channel for those pure and crystal waters did not in that hour desert His servant but was near him and around him! Do I say too much? what says the Scripture? "as the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so Jehovah is round about them that fear Him"—What says God himself? "Fear not! I am with thee, be not dismayed! I will never leave thee nor forsake thee!" Tell me not of accidents! Speak not to me of second causes! God's hand was in the startling event, as it is in all events. He designs that we should feel it, and lay it to heart, and wisely improve it. From that mountain side and seething pool where they found him there cometh a voice deep, thrilling, and loud, addressing itself to you, and me, to all! Its language is "prepare to meet thy God!" Who can fail to realize, if he will throw around the scene one lingering thought,

that amid these frowning precipices and impervious shades and wildly dashing waters, and with death at hand, it was far more important to have been the humble child of God, the devoted follower of Christ, than to have been the man of gold, or of distinction and fame, or even a sceptered king, with destitution of this grace! Ah! the well earned fame, the distinctions of our departed friend and brother, have here no power in imparting joy and comfort to those who loved him in life, and to whom he is doubly dear in death!—their hope, and joy, and strong consolation is based on the simple fact that Dr. Mitchell laid all his honors, and loved to lay them, at the feet of Christ and around His Cross!—that there he hung his hopes of Heaven—that there he planted his expectations of Life Everlasting! He was an humble child of God, and a Christian! In that fact there is comfort, joy, strong consolation! When father, or mother, or child, or brother, or friend passes from earth, let me know they are in Heaven, and among the blood-bought and ransomed, and I cannot unduly grieve! Who would call them back from their rapt scenes of angelic joy, and again attach the chains of sense, and affix the stains of sin to their freed and pure spirits? Earth is fleeting and mingled are its scenes—its joys are at best but transient! there is no treasure worth securing, save that which is laid up in Heaven! Moral victories are alone worthy the effort, and the energy of the deathless spirit of man!

"Man knoweth not his time and the sons of men are snared in an evil when it cometh suddenly upon them!" This is Truth, and it teaches us that evil oftentimes comes upon us in an hour when we least expect its approach! The future is all before us, and we must meet it; but its scenes are with the Deity—an impenetrable veil covers it from your vision and mine—we tread at best but a darkened path, and know not our time of trial! It may occur in our happiest hours, and amid scenes of gushing joy; the cloud may gather and loom up, and burst within an hour! What reverses have been witnessed in this changing world between the rising of the sun and the lengthening of its shadows! What, as in the present instance between the going down of that orb of light and the breaking of the day! Death often steals on dying men unheralded — no note of warning precedes his approach! Some whilst pressed with care, engrossed with business, and all unprepared, are hurried away—others engaged in the pursuit of pleasure, and with no sense of danger, suddenly feel his touch, stilling the pulsations of life, and bidding them up to the Judgment! Some in life's morning and the hey-day of their being, as they fondly fancy, with the world all before them! Others with hoary locks, and shortened steps! some prepared with armor on—with loins girt about, and their lamps trimmed and burning! Others amid their course of folly

—the love of sin unslain, and depravity burning its deep and corroding brand within the soul! Ah! it is the suddenness of scenes like these—it is their unexpectedness to the individual, which makes them so awful and fearful! Prepared for death—girded for the judgment, and clad in those robes of righteousness, which alone can bear its living light; a sudden death is not to be deprecated—with the love of God within the soul, and the living everlasting Saviour at hand, a solitary death is not to be deplored! But unprovisioned for eternity how fearful! unprepared for the solemn interview with God, which must then ensue, how tremendously awful is a sudden death! Who would appear before his Maker with the love of sin uppermost in his soul—who would thus appear, even united to Christ, with the world clustering around, and clasping the affections of the heart? Not so! Oh, not so, would he that is wise die! How lightly, friends, should we esteem the thing of time, and what priceless value should we attach to the interests of the deathless soul! And yet poor man, in his blindness and sin, reverses all this! God stoops, and invites us to his arms, and to his heavenly home, but too many busied with the vanities of earth, and eager in its pursuits, slight those rich treasures and everlasting joys—turn away from these offers of life, and seek an heritage for time!

Other thoughts, friends, crowd upon me, but I must hasten! I trust you see and feel the teachings of the text, enforced as they are by the fearful incident which convened us together. We are but pilgrims on the shores of time! Sojourners on the earth as were our fathers! Here we have no abiding place—passengers at the best, we walk in darkness, under perils and in great suspense—the future is all hidden—we know not what a day may bring forth! Do you esteem the picture dark and gloomy? and ask what can be done? I answer, trust in the Lord and do good! thus may you fill up your lives with acts of usefulness, and deck them with deeds of Christian honor! Thus passing away, piety shall give you the tribute of tears; and the bosom of virtue shall send forth sighs at your decease! Do you still ask, as to what can be done? I answer, make Jehovah God in Christ your refuge, and trust, and then it shall be well with you, well with your soul! "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." It is your privilege so to live, and so to bind the hopes of the gospel of Jesus Christ to the heart, that you may dread the grave as little as your bed! Here is the Bible of God—the great moral light which teaches Jehovah's will—presents the provisions of His mercy; with its truths received—with its remedies embraced—with its Saviour believed in, and trusted on, you have a stay which shall avail amid the conflicts of time—more! it shall cheer you as you go down under the power of Death's arm—light-

ing up the grave and dispelling forever all its fearful shadows! Earth is changing! but Heaven is stable and sure! Fix your affections there! and now from that solitary place in the wilderness where my Brother breathed out his life, and passed from earth; aye from that bier on which now lie his mortal remains, there cometh a voice addressed to you, to me, to all present—and yet it singles us out and addresses us each, and its language is, "Be ye also ready for the coming of the Son of man! prepare to meet God!" Obey this voice, and your death scene shall be peaceful as are angelic slumbers, and your eternity shall be passing happy, and supremely blissful as of the riches of Jehovah's grace! Thus prepared and panoplied, when you come to walk through the valley of the shadow of death you shall have the rod and the staff, the presence of Him, who is the Resurrection and the Life.

PUBLIC MEETINGS.

MEETING AT ASHEVILLE.

From the Asheville News, July 16.

It having been announced in Asheville, on Wednesday morning, 8th July, instant, that the dead body of Professor Elisha Mitchell, of Chapel Hill, had been discovered in the vicinity of the Black Mountain; pursuant to a short notice, a large meeting of the citizens of Buncombe county and many others from a distance, met in the Court House at 5 o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, when, on motion of Z. B. Vance, Esq., Rev. Jarvis Buxton was appointed Chairman of the meeting.

Mr. Buxton, on taking the chair, made some feeling and appropriate remarks, explanatory of the object of the meeting, and upon the services and character of Professor Mitchell in his relations to the University, also as a man in his social and domestic relations, and as a christian gentleman. He said he knew the deceased well, having been a member of his household while a student at College, and that to know him was to love him.

On motion, John D. Hyman was appointed Secretary of the meeting.

W. M. Shipp, Esq., after prefacing with a few remarks, in which he bore testimony to the exalted character of Dr. Mitchell, and his eminent services in his devotion to Science and Education, offered the following resolutions, expressing a desire that they would be adopted:

1. *Resolved*, That we have heard, with the most profound regret, the announcement which has just been made, of the sad and melancholy death of the Rev. Dr. Mitchell, of the University of this State.

2. *Resolved*, That in the death of Dr. Mitchell, the University has lost one of its most tried friends; the Faculty one of its most zealous votaries; and the church of God one of its most faithful ministers.

3. *Resolved*, That in the opinion of this meeting, it would be highly appropriate—should it meet the approbation of his family—that the remains of the deceased be deposited upon some eligible point of the Black Mountain; a place with which his name has been connected for many years, as the first to call public attention to its superiority in height to any point in the United States, East of the Rocky Mountains.

4. *Resolved*, That, in our opinion, no more suitable testimonial of respect to the memory of the deceased could be given, than the erection of

an appropriate monument upon the mountain, with which his name and sad fate are so intimately associated; and, to carry out this purpose, we ask the assistance of all good citizens of the State and the friends of education and science generally.

5. *Resolved*, That to the family of the deceased we extend our heartfelt condolence, and the Chairman of this meeting appoint a committee of three persons to convey to them a copy of these resolutions, and express our sympathy in their bereavement.

6. *Resolved*, That a copy of these proceedings be forwarded to the President of the University, with a request that he convey to the Faculty and Students our deep sympathy in the great loss they have sustained in the death of their oldest member and most experienced instructor.

7. *Resolved*, That the Chairman appoint a committee of six to take such steps as they may think advisable to carry out the object of the 4th resolution.

8. *Resolved*, That a copy of these proceedings be published in the Asheville papers, and that the papers of the State generally be requested to copy.

Hon. Thos. L. Clingman said he approved of the resolutions and hoped they would be adopted. He added his testimony to the eminent services of Professor Mitchell in his explorations of this section of the State, both in regard to its topography and geology.

Rev. Dr. Chapman made some eloquent and touching remarks in relation to the sad calamity that had called the meeting together.

Z. B. Vance, Esq., being called upon, narrated the circumstances, as far as they had been ascertained, that attended the death of Professor Mitchell. He also said that great credit was due to a large number of gentlemen, principally persons residing in the vicinity of the Black Mountain, for their untiring exertions to recover the body of the deceased.

On motion the resolutions were unanimously adopted.

In accordance with the 5th resolution, the Chairman appointed the following gentlemen as the committee: Rev. Dr. Chapman, Wm. M. Shipp and James W. Patton, Esq'rs. On motion, the name of the Chairman was added to the list.

In pursuance of the 7th resolution, the Chairman appointed the following committee: Messrs. A. S. Merrimon, David Coleman, Z. B. Vance, John A. Dickson, W. M. Shipp, and James A. Patton.

On motion of A. S. Merrimon, Esq., the Chairman appointed twenty persons to superintend the conveying of the body of the deceased to its place of burial. The following persons were appointed: Z. B. Vance, A. S. Merrimon, J. A. Patton, R.M. Henry, Thadaeus Coleman, G. W. Whitson,

James Gaines, D. F. Summey, A. Burgin, W. M. Hardy, W. A. Patton, J. E. Patton, J. D. Hyman, S. C. Bryson, W. Morrison, T. A. Corpening, and T. B. Boyd.

On motion the meeting adjourned.

JARVIS BUXTON, Chairman.

John D. Hyman, Secretary.

MEETING AT CHAPEL HILL.

From the Chapel Hill Gazette, July 13.

Upon Friday the 10th instant very painful rumors of the sudden death of the Rev. Dr. Mitchell, on Black Mountain, reached Chapel Hill. On Saturday these rumors received some confirmation, and upon Sunday evening all doubt was removed by intelligence that his body had been found floating in the Cat-tail Fork of Caney River, in the county of Yancey, at a point where the water was about twelve feet in depth; circumstances rendering it very probable that he had fallen some forty feet, from a precipice overhanging the river. His hand still clasped a broken branch of Laurel.

Dr. Mitchell had been busily engaged for several days in making Barometrical and Trigonometrical observations upon Black Mountain. On Saturday, the 27th of June, he had nearly completed these labors. During that day he separated from his son in order to visit Caney River Settlement, making an appointment to meet him the next Monday at the Mountain House. He was not seen again, and it was only after several day's search by many citizens in that vicinity, carried on with ardor and sympathy which do them great honor, that his body was found on Tuesday evening, the 7th of July, as is above described. It is understood that he was interred at Asheville on the 10th instant.

Upon receiving the above intelligence, the citizens held a full and solemn town-meeting in the University Chapel. On motion of David L. Swain, Edward Mallett, Magistrate of Police, was called to the Chair, and Jones Watson, Esq., was appointed Secretary.

The Chairman announced that in anticipation of such a meeting, he had appointed the Rev. Dr. Hawks, who providentially was with us upon this occasion, together with Samuel F. Phillips Esq., a Committee to prepare resolutions for the consideration of the meeting.

Dr. Hawks then arose, and gracefully alluding to his own deep interest in the community amidst which he had received his early education, continued in a few eloquent and touching observations upon the occasion

which had called forth this display of feeling, and then submitted the following preamble and resolutions:—

"Whereas, It has pleased our Heavenly Father, in His wise Providence, to take unto Himself the Rev. Elisha Mitchell, late Professor of Chemistry and Geology in the University of North Carolina; we the inhabitants of Chapel Hill, convened in town meeting, for the purpose of testifying our respect for the memory of a good man, who has gone to his reward,—leaving it to his associates to render their appropriate tribute to his well known scientific character, desire to speak as his fellow citizens, and bearing our willing testimony to his worth as a man, have

Resolved, That in the death of Dr. Mitchell, our whole community has sustained a loss not easily repaired, in the removal of one who, resident in this village for forty years, has, during that period, fulfilled all the duties of an enlighted, public-spirited citizen, with the most exemplary propriety, illustrating in his daily walk and conversation the christian principle by which his life was regulated.

Resolved, That in no one particular has his example been more striking than in his universal kindness to the poor and suffering. Ever ready to help his fellow creatures, and mindful that his Master went about doing good, while he ministered to the spiritual wants of the blind and erring, he was no less prompt in alleviating bodily misery: and the poor of Chapel Hill and its vicinity, who have been partakers of his silent and unostentatious benevolence, will especially have cause long to treasure up the memory of their departed friend and benefactor.

Resolved, That our whole community, of all classes, gratefully recognizing the worth of an eminently good man now removed from among us, and submitting, in humble faith to the dispensation of the Gracious God who has seen fit thus to visit us with sorrow; do tender our Christian sympathy and love to the bereaved family of our departed friend; and mingling our smaller sorrow with their more grievous and heavy affliction, do commend them in our prayers to the merciful goodness of that everlasting God whose chastenings to his children are but proofs of his affection.

Resolved, That the individuals composing this meeting will, as a mark of respect for the memory of Dr. Mitchell, wear the usual badge of mourning, on the left arm, for thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions, duly certified by the officers of this meeting, be communicated to the family of Dr. Mitchell.

These were seconded by President Swain who dwelt in terms of strong eulogy upon the long public services of the deceased, lamenting over a loss which to himself, he added, was irreparable.

Other remarks, appropriate to the occasion, were made by Messrs. S. F.

Phillips, Sidney Smith, Charles Phillips and Jones Watson. Thereupon the Resolutions were passed unanimously.

Upon motion of S. F. Phillips, the persons present went in procession to the residence of Dr. Mitchell, in order to present in person to his family, the resolutions that had been adopted. This having been done, the meeting adjourned.

All the stores and other places of business of our town were closed and all business suspended, during the meeting.

MEETING AT FAYETTEVILLE.

From the Argus, July 18.

DEATH OF PROF. MITCHELL.

This great man is no more. By his death the cause of science has sustained an irreparable loss—Chapel Hill one of its strong pillars—and North Carolina one of her noblest sons.

As will be seen below, he came to his death among those mountains which had so long been the subject of his investigation—a martyr to science.

Prof. Mitchell has occupied the position of Professor in our University for thirty years or more, and has during that period, established his reputation as one of the very first scholars in the country.

We learn from the *Standard* that a peak of the Black Mountain has been selected for the burial of Dr. Mitchell. This we are rejoiced to know. No place could be more fitting for the last resting place of the illustrious dead, than those grand and magnificent Mountains that were so long the object of his study. No more suitable monument could be reared to his memory which must endure as long as Mountains stand.

We append the following Resolutions which were passed in this town, by the resident graduates of the University of North Carolina.

A meeting of graduates of the University of North Carolina residing in and near Fayetteville was held on Tuesday, July 14, 1857, W. J. Anderson, Esq., presiding, and Mr. Geo. H. Haigh acting as Secretary.

The Chairman having announced the melancholy intelligence on account of which they had been called together,

Messrs. W. B. Wright, John Winslow, W. A. Huske, W. H. Haigh, J. C. Huske, R. P. Buxton, P. M. Hale, R. H. Sandford, and B. Fuller, representing different classes, were appointed a Committee to prepare resolutions suitable for the occasion.

Whereas, Almighty God, by a painful and most melancholy act of his

Providence, has brought to a sudden and sad end the life of our former respected preceptor and friend, the Rev. Dr. Elisha Mitchell, Professor in the University of N. C.:

Therefore, *Resolved*, That we have received intelligence of this most mournful event with feelings of pain and unmingled sadness.

Resolved, That as in his life we have have been made debtors to him by his faithful instructions and by his unwearied devotion to our best interests, so now in his death we cherish his memory in our hearts.

Resolved, That the Rev. Dr. Elisha Mitchell, by his great and varied learning, by his indefatigable zeal in the pursuit of knowledge, his spirit of invincible perseverance in whatever he deemed to be right, by his devotion to the duties of his profession, whether as a teacher of science or as a teacher of the religion of the Gospel, by his devotion to the interests of his pupils, to the interests of the University of which he was so distinguished a Professor, and by his devotion to the interests of the State at large, and in a word, by a long, honorable, and useful life of incorruptible integrity and fidelity to duty, has made himself to be an ornament and an example to his profession and to his fellow men in general.

Resolved, That in view of the eminent services which he has rendered the State, *directly*, by the prompt and faithful discharge of particular duties assigned him, and less directly, but not less effectively by his devotion to the cause of education, the deceased has entitled himself to a public testimonial of respect to his memory; and we hereby pledge ourselves to assist in any measure tending to that end.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, with an expression of our sincerest sympathy and condolence; and also, that a copy be sent to his brethren of the Faculty, and to each of the Literary Societies at Chapel Hill, with the request that they be filed in their archives.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted.

W. J. ANDERSON, Chairman.

GEORGE H. HAIGH, Secretary.

MEETING AT GREENSBORO'.

From the Times, August 23.

A MEETING of former pupils and friends of Dr. Mitchell, resident in Greensboro and vicinity, was held in the Court House on Monday evening last, for the purpose of giving public expression to their feelings of grief and sympathy, excited by the painful intelligence of his death.

Hon. James T. Morehead was called to the Chair on motion of John H. Coble, and on motion of R. M. Sloan. Jr., Charles E. Shober, Esq., was appointed Secretary.

On taking the chair, Mr. Morehead addressed the meeting appropriately and feelingly upon the mournful subject which had called it together. He was a student at the University when Dr. Mitchell first became connected with it, and had known him intimately ever since. He was therefore well qualified by length of acquaintance to speak of him.

On motion of Rev. C. H. Wiley, the chairman appointed a committee, consisting of Ralph Gorrell, Esq., R. P. Dick, Esq., Jesse H. Lindsay, Sr., W. L. Scott, Esq., J. A. Long, Esq., and Rev. C. H. Wiley, to prepare resolutions expressive of the sentiments of the meeting. The committee retired, and after a brief absence, reported through their chairman Rev. C. H. Wiley, the following Preamble and Resolutions:

Whereas, we have heard of the recent death of the Rev. Elisha Mitchell, D. D., late Professor in the University of our State, under circumstances peculiarly sad and startling, and well calculated to excite the tenderest interest and sympathy on the part of every lover of science, therefore,

Resolved, That we have received the tidings of this melancholy event with emotions of profound sorrow, cherishing as we do a lively recollection of the many amiable qualities, of the great and varied acquirements, and of the long, laborious and useful services of our lamented friend and instructor.

Resolved, That we regard the death of Prof. Mitchell as a public calamity, long identified as he has been with the progress of science and scientific improvements in North Carolina, devoted to her interests and her honor, and for many years an invaluable member of the Faculty of her University, which is greatly indebted to his zeal, his learning and his industry for its eminent success and illustrious character.

Resolved, That we cordially respond to the suggestion that some fitting and lasting monument to the memory and character of the deceased should be erected among those stupendous scenes amid which he fell a Martyr to the cause of Science, and that, to this end, we will contribute of our means and influence.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased with the expression of our sincerest condolence and sympathy, and that copies also be sent to the Faculty of the University and to each of the Literary Societies, with a request that they be entered on the *records* of the University and filed in the archives of the Societies.

Mr. Wiley accompanied the report of the resolutions with a few remarks mainly explanatory of the manner of Dr. Mitchell's death as he

had received it from a resident of the region of country where the painful casualty occurred, and then the resolutions were unanimously adopted.

On motion of Julius Gorrell, Esq., the newspapers of the town were requested to publish the proceedings of the meeting, and then, on motion, it was adjourned.

JAMES T. MOREHEAD, Chairman.

Charles H. Shober, Secretary.

MEETING AT WILMINGTON.

From the Wilmington Herald, August 5.

According to previous notice, a meeting of the Trustees, former Students, and Alumni of the University of North Carolina was held in the Court House in the town of Wilmington on the 29th of July, 1857.

On motion Dr. Thomas H. Wright was called to the chair, and John D. Taylor requested to act as Secretary.

The object of the meeting was explained in a few feeling and appropriate remarks by George Davis, Esq., who also moved the appointment of three to draw up suitable resolutions expressive of the sense of the meeting. Whereupon George Davis, Esq., Rev. Dr. C. F. Deems and Eli W. Hall, Esq., were appointed by the Chair.

The Committee through their chairman, Dr. Deems, submitted the following resolutions which were unanimously adopted.

Whereas, the whole State of North Carolina has recently been called to mourn the sudden and violent close of the life of Rev. Elisha Mitchell, D. D., Senior Professor in the University, and whereas no other section of the State can furnish a larger proportionate number of those who have enjoyed the acquaintance of the eminent deceased, therefore

Resolved, That the Trustees and former Students and Alumni of the University of North Carolina, and the friends of science and of the late Prof. Mitchell, assembled in Wilmington, do sincerely sympathise with the general grief which his death has spread over the country; that his great abilities, vast acquirements, and indomitable industry, while they combined to present in him a model to the young men of the land, did much towards the elevation of the University of our State to that lofty position which it maintains among the very first institutions of learning in America; that his contributions to general science have given him a respectable place among the most learned, and his special devotion to the development of all the physical resources of North Carolina has laid the State under obligations which the gratitude of many a generation will scarcely avail to cancel.

Resolved, That we will unite in whatever plan the authorities of the University may adopt to perpetuate the excellent memory of him whose devotion to the interests of the Institution through more than the ordinary time of a generation has entitled his name to be held in reverential remembrance.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the family of the late Dr. Mitchell, with the expression of the most sincere and tender sympathy of this assembly.

Resolved, That a copy of these proceedings be furnished to the President and Faculty of the University of North Carolina, and our condolence with them at the great social and official breach made in their ranks by the recent dispensation of Divine Providence.

Resolved, That these proceedings be published in all the papers in Wilmington.

Dr. Deems, after offering the resolutions, paid an eloquent and touching tribute to the memory of Dr. Mitchell, testifying from his intimate association with him as a colleague, friend, and neighbor, to his many generous traits of character and kindness and benevolence of heart.

On motion of James C. Smith, Esq., the meeting then adjourned.

THOMAS H. WRIGHT, Chairman.

JOHN D. TAYLOR, Secretary.

TESTIMONIALS OF RESPECT.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE TRUSTEES OF THE UNIVERSITY.

RALEIGH, July 4, 1857.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Trustees of the University, at the Executive office in this City on the 4th inst., the following proceedings were had:—

His Excellency Governor Bragg having officially communicated intelligence of the recent, sudden, and melancholy death of the Rev'd Dr. Elisha Mitchell, late Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Geology in the University, the Executive Committee, in view of his character as a Christian gentleman; of his arduous, long continued and inestimable services in the Academic corps, and his distinguished position for the last forty years as a member of the Faculty, in the administration of the affairs of the College; in view of his eminent attainments in literature and science; his ardent patriotism and public services; consider the present a fit occasion to express their unanimous sentiment of true condolence and sympathy with the widow and family of the deceased, with the officers and members of the College, and the people of the whole State, at the sad and overwhelming bereavement which we have all sustained; and in the name and on behalf of the whole body of the Trustees of the University, this Committee will cordially unite with other associations and individuals in paying enduring honor to his memory.

Resolved, That the half year's salary of the professor, for the residue of the present fiscal year, be paid by the acting Bursar of the College to the widow of the deceased, and that her family be permitted (if she so desires it) to continue the occupation of her present residence until the close of this year.

Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing proceedings be placed in the hands of the widow of the deceased.

In consideration of the vacancy occurring by the death of Dr. Mitchell, in the Professorship of Chemistry, Mineralogy and Geology, and the Bursar's Bureau at the beginning of the session just commencing:

Resolved, That to enable the Board of Trustees to fill these places permanently, with judgment and discretion, the President of the University, Gov. Swain, be authorized and requested, with the concurrence of the Faculty to distribute the various duties of these several offices among such

members of the Faculty as may be willing to undertake them, and, if necessary, to appoint one or more tutors. That such temporary arrangements shall be in force for and during the present session only; or, for such shorter peried as the Board of Trustees or this Committee shall hereafter determine.

Test: CHAS. MANLY, Sec'y.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE FACULTY.

CHAPEL HILL, July 17, 1857.

At the first regular meeting of the Faculty of the University, after a solemn prayer to Almighty God, the following paper was unanimously adopted.

WHEREAS, since the last meeting of the Faculty of the University, an All-Wise God has been pleased, by a dispensation the more distressing because unexpected, to take unto Himself the oldest member of our Body, the Rev. Elisha Mitchell, D. D., Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy and Geology:—bowing in humble submission to this sad bereavement, We, the Faculty of the University, desiring to bear our testimony to the worth of our departed companion and friend, and enduringly to record our tribute to his memory, have unanimously adopted the following resolutions:

Resolved, That in the lamented death of our late associate we feel that the Institution to which we belong has lost one of the most valuable officers she ever possessed; and that in the devotion of forty years to her service his zeal never slackened, his diligence never relaxed, his faithfulness never slumbered; but during all that long period, ripening constantly in experience, he consecrated his best faculties and varied attainments to the advancement of the usefulness and honor of the Institution of which he was so distinguished an ornament

Resolved, That we cannot but feel also the loss that Science has sustained in the removal of our departed friend. Pursuing it in various departments and not unsuccessful in any that he attempted, the rich and varied stores of his well cultivated mind gave to him, deservedly, a celebrity that, reaching beyond the limits of this his immediate sphere of action, secured to his name and opinions a weight of authority that was felt and acknowledged by the scientific throughout our land; and in the midst of our regrets it affords us a melancholy satisfaction to reflect that he met his death in the cause of Science, and thus, in appropriate keeping with the duties of his life has, in his death, added his name to the list of her honored martyrs.

Resolved, That our loss is in our view more sorrowful still when we think of him as the christian gentleman, whose heart overflowing with the tenderest sympathies of humanity, made him the ever beneficent friend of the poor and wretched; as the minister of our Holy Faith, dispensing the precious truths of eternal life to the sinful and wayward; as the watchful friend and faithful guardian of the young, by whom he was surrounded, ever ready to speak to them in gentleness and love, the wise words of warning and counsel; as the intimate companion and associate of ourselves, whose presence brought experience to our deliberations, and the cheerful playfulness of innocent mirth to our social intercourse.

Resolved, That this our faint tribute to the worth of Dr. Mitchell be recorded on our Minutes and that a copy thereof be communicated to the family by the Secretary; accompanied with the assurance of the deep condolence and the heart-felt sympathy of every member of the Faculty.

Resolved, That the Rev. Dr. Phillips be requested to deliver in the Chapel of the University, on Sunday next, an appropriate Funeral discourse and that the President of the University himself be respectfully desired to prepare and pronounce before the University an Eulogy on our deceased brother, at such time as may suit his convenience.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE STUDENTS.

Chapel Hill, July 22, 1857.

At a Meeting of the Students held in Girard Hall, the following resolutions were adopted in memory of the Rev. Elisha Mitchell, D. D., Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy and Geology.

Whereas, The All-wise God as part of his inscrutable dealings with men has seen fit to call our beloved and honored preceptor, Dr. Mitchell, from a life of labor and usefulness;

Resolved, That we do sincerely lament his decease, and tender our sympathies to his afflicted family.

Resolved, That in the death of Dr. Mitchell, the University has sustained a loss scarcely to be repaired; that we the students miss a true friend, Science an active, able and learned follower; and Religion a sincere and zealous advocate.

Resolved That his habits of laborious and patient research rendered him a model for every aspirant for honorable distinction; that his great proficiency in the departments of which he had charge, admirably fitted him for his office as a teacher; that his intellect, naturally acute and comprehensive, and by many years of reading and reflection the repository of al-

most every kind of useful or recondite knowledge, rendered him eminently an honor to this Institution and to the State; that his high toned principles commanded universal respect, and the kindness of his heart made him near to all who knew him.

Resolved, That in token of our high esteem for his memory, we will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

MEETING OF THE DIALECTIC SOCIETY.

Dialectic Hall, July 24, 1857.

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God, by a most sudden blow to remove from the midst of our community the Rev. Dr. Elisha Mitchell; the Dialectic Society, acknowledges that the intimacy of his personal and official relations with all of its sitting members demands that it depart from the custom which renders such obituary tributes as this appropriate only to those who have been members of its particular organization; the more especially as Dr. Mitchell was eminent among the lovers of Virtue and Science;

Resolved, That this catastrophe, which has caused a shock through all the domain of letters, occasioned a loss to this University, so great and peculiar as to call for the deepest sorrow on the part of all who have any connection therewith.

Resolved, That although none of us had been privileged to follow our late revered Professor along those paths of study which were specially his own, yet we desire to say that we make it matter of honest pride that we were Students of the University during his era; that we can recall in after life many circumstances of profit and pleasure in our intercourse with him; and record here our obligations to him for that high example that the much absorbed and universal student need not, amidst such pursuits, divest himself of those homely yet noble qualities which make the benevolent and public spirited citizen, the courageous magistrate, and the humble and sincere christian—that the youth not only of the State, but of the country, will in years long yet to come, remember him as one who guided the footsteps of their fathers amid many rugged paths in the search of knowledge and truth, and even by them will his name be recorded with those great benefactors of his race.

Resolved, That upon the loss of this their distinguished member, we tender our condolence to our brethren of the Philanthropic Society, and pledge ourselves to co-operate with them in such manner for erecting a permanent memorial of our respect and gratitude as may be deemed suitable.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be filed in the Archives of our Body and that one be sent to the bereaved family of the deceased as the last sad tribute of our respect to his memory.

Resolved, That we also wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

J. G. McNAB,
J. G. MOREHEAD, Jr.,
F. D. STOCKTON. } Com.

MEETING OF THE PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY.

Philanthropic Hall, July 26, 1857.

The members of the Philanthropic Society having learned the sudden and melancholy death of the Rev. Elisha Mitchell, D. D., the Senior Professor in our University; to express the feelings which the sad event has inspired us with, have

Resolved, That in the death of Dr. Mitchell our University and the cause of learning in our Country have suffered a great and irreparable loss; that we, his pupils, are bereft of a most able, skillful and learned instructor, and have been separated forever from a man whom we admired and a friend whom we loved, whose many kind offices and wise counsels we shall sadly miss.

Resolved, That we offer our sincere and earnest sympathies in this affliction to the family of our deceased friend, and to the Faculty of the University which he served and honored so long.

Resolved, That our Society, of which he was a member and whose interest he always gladly served, has lost a warm and zealous patron and friend; and that our members wear the badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That the Committee present copies of these resolutions to the family of Dr. Mitchell, and to the Faculty of the University.

W. S. HUMPHRIES,
ADDISON HARVEY,
S. D. GOZA,
E. S. J. BELL. } Com.

MEETING OF THE TRUSTEES OF DAVIDSON COLLEGE.

Davidson College, July 16, 1857.

On motion of Rev. Dr. Lacy,

Resolved, That a Committee consisting of C. L. Hunter, M. D., Rev. W. W. Pharr and Edwin R. Harris, Esq., be appointed to prepare resolu-

tions expressing the views of the Board, in relation to the sudden and melancholy end, of the late Rev. Elisha Mitchell, D. D., Professor in the University of North Carolina.

The following Preamble and Resolutions were offered and unanimously adopted:

Whereas, The Board of Trustees of Davidson College has just learned of the death of a venerable and learned Professor of the University of North Carolina, the Rev. Elisha Mitchell, D. D., who fell as a martyr to Science, and whereas his name is intimately connected with the building up and dissemination of sound learning in this State:

Therefore, *Resolved*, That we deeply deplore the great loss sustained by the State at large, by the Church of Christ, of which he was an active and a useful member, and by the Institution of which he was a distinguished and prominent Professor.

Resolved, That it becomes us, as a body of Christian men, to bow with reverence and humility, to this dark, melancholy and inscrutable dispensation of Providence, thus impressively reminding us that "in the midst of life we are in death."

Resolved, That we cordially extend to the family and relatives of the deceased our sincere condolence, and heart-felt sympathy in this their sudden and afflictive bereavement.

Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing Preamble and Resolutions be forwarded to the family of the deceased, to the President and Faculty of the University, and to the Raleigh papers, with the request that the same be published.

C. L. HUNTER,
W. W. PHARR,
EDWIN R. HARRIS. } Com.

MEETING OF THE FACULTY OF DAVIDSON COLLEGE.

Davidson College, July 18, 1857.

At a meeting of the Faculty of Davidson College held on the 18th day of July 1857, the following Preamble and Resolutions were unanimously adopted, viz:—

Whereas the painful rumors which reached us a few days ago of the sudden and melancholy death of a distinguished Professor of our State University has been surely confirmed, we cannot refrain from some expression of the thoughts and feelings so naturally prompted by the sad news.

We regard the death of the Rev. Elisha Mitchell, D. D., as a public calamity, which must fill all who knew his eminent worth with the profoundest grief. Not only the University, but the State, has suffered an irreparable loss in being thus suddenly deprived of the invaluable services of one of her most laborious, ardent and successful instructors of youth. And we have abundant reason to know that there are those among the best and ablest in nearly every State of the Union who have carried with them from the University the impression of his high and generous character as a christian gentleman and scholar, who will mourn his death as a personal bereavement. The church also, in this general grief, sorrows most of all, because she has lost, in this distinguished philosopher an eminent christian minister and a noble exemplar of the high and essential harmony of Science and Religion. Through the whole of a long life he was an assiduous and enthusiastic devotee of Science; and to us there is something of a melancholy, poetic grandeur and greatness in the place and manner of his death—whereby Science in burying one of her worthiest sons has hallowed a new Pisgah, which future generations shall know and mark.

His career on earth is closed; and this mournful dispensation of Divine Providence brings forcibly to the mind of us all the solemn admonition of our Lord, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh."

Resolved, That we deeply sympathies with the Faculty of the University, of which he was the oldest member, and has been so long an ornament and pillar, in the great loss they have sustained in this sudden and mournful visitation.

Resolved, That a copy of this paper be sent to the family of Dr. Mitchell, not only to convey to them the expression of our sincere sympathy and condolence, but to remind them that though he, their stay and guide and light, is taken away from them and us, all is not taken; that there is still left to them an imperishable heritage in the good fame and the wide and distinguished usefulness of this eminent servant of the Church and of the country.

By order of the Faculty. C. D. FISHBURN, *Clerk*.

MEETING OF THE COMMISSIONERS OF CHAPEL HILL.

Chapel Hill, July 13, 1857.

Whereas, It has pleased Our Heavenly Father in whose hands alone are the issues of life and death, to call from among us our venerable and

much beloved fellow member, the Rev. Elisha Mitchell; Therefore,

Resolved, That we have received with feelings of the deepest sorrow, the intelligence of his sad and melancholy fate.

Resolved, That while we bow with humble submission to the decree of the Supreme Governor of all things, we shall ever cherish in our hearts, the sentiments of esteem and friendship, with which his life and character have impressed us.

Resolved, That in his death the Commissioners and community of Chapel Hill have sustained an irreparable loss.

Resolved, That we most sincerely sympathise with his bereaved family in their trouble and distress.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the journals of the Village, that a copy be sent to the family of the deceased also to the Chapel Hill Gazette with request for publication.

E. MALLETT, *Magistrate Police.*

P. H. McDADE,
H. B. GUTHRIE,
J. H. WATSON,
C. SCOTT.
} COMMISSIONERS.

MINUTE OF PRESBYTERY.

MINUTE adopted by the Presbytery of Orange at its session in Lexington, N. C., October 20th 1857.

"Inasmuch as it has pleased God to remove from us so suddenly, by a mysterious providence, our beloved brother, Elisha Mitchell—for nearly forty years a Professor in the University of North Carolina, having successively filled the Chairs of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, and of Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Geology—it becomes us, while we deplore our weighty loss, to submit humbly to the stroke laid upon us. Let us, therefore, remember that we are now taught in this Providence that the time is short, and that no loveliness, nor usefulness, nor learning can exempt us from the solemn call that soon awaits each of us.

We recommend that a copy of this minute be sent to the family of the deceased brother with the hearty sympathy of this Presbytery.

WM. N. MEBANE, *Ch'n. Com.*

MINUTE OF SYNOD.

The Committee appointed by the Synod of the Presbyterian Church in North Carolina, at its meeting in 1857, reported the following minute to the meeting in 1858.

"The Synod of North Carolina records with heart-felt sorrow the loss of one of its oldest members by the death of the Rev. Elisha Mitchell, D. D., Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy and Geology, in the University of North Carolina. Late in 1817, Dr. Mitchell was licensed to preach the everlasting Gospel by a Congregational Association of orthodox faith in Connecticut. He was ordained to the full work of the Gospel ministry by the Presbytery of Orange. His first sermon was preached in the Chapel of the University not long after his licensure, and his last in the Presbyterian Church in Salisbury, a short time before he perished. So his ministerial service of nearly forty years was rendered altogether while in communion with this body. He was probably the most learned man that ever lived in this State. He was a skillful and conscientious Professor, and as such was constantly engaged in preparing for their various walks in life the youth of the land. He was a well-grounded believer in Revelation, and no common expounder of its doctrines in matters of Natural Science, as well as in those of Religion. The Synod gladly recognizes the healthful influence of his teachings upon the many generations of his pupils, in that he always led them, by precept and by example, to look for the Lawgiver of nature as well as for its laws. He also preached regularly to them the great doctrines of moral depravity, the necessity of an atonement by a Divine Redeemer, of regeneration and sanctification by the Holy Ghost, and of faith and repentance by each individual of the one race of Adam. By the will of God, he served his generation faithfully in his day, and he was cut off while surrounded with unfinished plans of usefulness. This death calls upon the Synod to lament that Science has lost a learned, patient, and devout investigator—that Education must miss an honest and accomplished guide, and that Religion needs another faithful watchman upon the walls of Zion. The Synod also mourns for itself, the absence of one who was to many of its members a revered preceptor, and to all a sincere friend, and a worthy co-laborer in the harvest of God.

In view of this solemn event the Synod resolves,

That while it thanks the great Head of the Church for its long and fraternal intercourse with Dr. Mitchell, and for the example of untiring industry, unfailing liberality, unceasing acquisition, fearless conscientiousness, and consistent piety afforded by his life, its surviving members will so improve his sudden and unexpected death in the midst of his un-

dertakings, that, when their work here is done, they too may leave behind the savor of a life spent in the fear of God and the love of man.

That the Stated Clerk of the Synod send a copy of this minute to the family of Dr. Mitchell as a mark of respect and sympathy from his brethren in Christ the Lord."

DRURY LACY, *Ch'n. Com.*

THE RE-INTERMENT.

PROPOSED MONUMENT.

TO THE PEOPLE OF NORTH CAROLINA.

From the Asheville Spectator.

The sad fate of the late Professor Mitchell of the University of North Carolina is well known to all. He perished in one of the wild gorges of the Black Mountain, during a laborious investigation which he had undertaken relative to the highest of the different peaks. Upon receiving this melancholy intelligence, a large number of the citizens of Buncombe and adjoining counties assembled in the Court House at Asheville to give some public expression of their feelings in regard thereto, when among others the following resolution was unanimously adopted:—

Resolved, That, in our opinion, no more suitable testimonial of respect to the memory of the deceased could be given, than the erection of an appropriate Monument upon the mountain, with which his name and sad fate are so intimately associated; and to carry out this purpose, we ask the assistance of all good citizens of the State and the friends of education and science generally.

In pursuance of the object herein expressed the undersigned were appointed a committee to solicit aid from the citizens of North Carolina, and the former pupils and friends of the deceased everywhere. The family of Dr. Mitchell have given their consent to have his remains removed from Asheville and deposited on the highest peak of the Black Mountain, and as soon as the arrangements are all made this will be done. Abundance of granite, capable of being worked, is to be found on the very spot where we propose to erect this monument, and it is thought that $5,000 will be amply sufficient to accomplish what we desire.

In view of the fact, that he was the first to visit these mountains and to make known their superior height to any east of the Rocky Mountains, and that he spent a great portion of his time, and finally lost his life in exploring them, we think it will be admitted that no more fitting testimony of esteem could be offered his memory, and no more fitting spot found whereon to erect it. The noble mountains themselves will stand his most worthy and enduring monument, but the State of North Carolina certainly owes him something, who has so long devoted his best energies to the instruction of her youth.

The committee propose by this circular simply to make known what is intended, feeling coufident, that to the good people of the State and the vast number of old pupils and personal friends of the deceased, nothing more need be said. The plan of the monument will be discussed when sufficient funds are secured for its completion. They invite the co-operation of the county committees, and of single individuals throughout the State. Contributions can be transmitted to the committee or any one of them, by any means most convenient, who will deposit all such sums in the Bank of Cape Fear at this place to await the making up of the requisite amount. All papers friendly to this project are requested to copy this circular.

Z. B. VANCE,
JAS. A. PATTON,
JOHN A. DICKSON,
A. S. MERRIMON,
D. COLEMAN,
W. M. SHIPP.
} Com.

THE RE-INTERMENT OF DR. MITCHELL'S REMAINS.

BY RICHARD H. BATTLE, ESQ.

From the Raleigh Register, July 10, 1858.

On the evening of Monday, the 14th of June, the body of Dr. Mitchell, after having rested for nearly a year in the pretty little grave-yard of the Presbyterian Church in Asheville was exhumed for re-burial on the top of the highest peak of the Black Mountain. Encased in coffins of wood and metal it was laid at the foot of a large Oak tree, preparatory to its removal the following morning. It was entrusted to the care of several energetic, able-bodied mountaineers, whose zeal in performing the laborious task assigned them is worthy of high commendation. From the dawn of day on the 15th, till a full hour after darkness had settled down on the sides of the Black, and from a very early hour till near midday on the 16th, they were at work with scarcely a minute of rest or relaxation.

From the nature of the road, by which the top of Mt. Mitchell was to be reached, it was hardly practicable that a regular procession should attend the body; but many citizens of the town and visitors from a distance—among the latter, the venerable Bishop of the diocese of Tennessee, the distinguished President of the University, and Messrs. Ashe and Mitchell, the

son-in-law and son of him we had met to honor—some in vehicles and others on horseback, left Asheville between 8 and 9 o'clock, a. m., several hours after the corpse had been taken from its former resting place. It being only twenty miles to Mr. Stepp's, a place of accommodation at the foot of the Black, we easily reached it in time to refresh ourselves with a good dinner, and a rest to prepare us for the more toilsome portion of our journey. The vehicles hitherto used being here dispensed with and bridles and saddles substituted in their place and animals being hired by those of us who had not provided ourselves upon leaving the village, the upward journey was begun about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. By a few, of preference or necessity, the ascent was made on foot; but much the greater number were mounted on surefooted horses or mules.

The winding of the road up the steep sides of the mountain, to make the climbing possible for man and beast, gave to the long line of horsemen quite a striking appearance. Those in front seemed often to be going in a direction just opposite to that of those in their rear and the line was constantly assuming the form of the letter S. It was to one at a litle distance a sight strange and picturesque, viewed in connection with the surrounding beauties of mountain scenery—the majestic oaks and chestnut trees, the undergrowth of mountain laurel and ivy and the large red and yellow honey-suckles, the overhanging rocks and the little brooks, fresh from the springs a few yards higher up, that met us at every turn. At the expiration of about the fourth hour from the time of starting we had made but five miles, but half the distance from the base to the summits and reached the "Mountain House" a little before sunset. This is what may be called a *Summer Hotel* and is from its situation a somewhat singular place of entertainment, standing, as it does, on or rather *against*, the side of the mountain at a point where, in some directions the declivity is very precipitous. It was, I believe, built at the expense of a wealthy citizen of Charleston, S. C., Mr. Wm. Patton, (lately deceased), who was himself in former years an occasional tenant during the heats of Summer. The furious winds of Winter and the driving rain storms of the Spring would deter the stoutest heart from making it a permanent habitation. It is therefore left to the mercy of the elements for six or eight months of the year and was untenanted at the time of our visit.

It may not be amiss here to remark, that near the Mountain House is first observed the change in the character of the growth on the mountain that constitutes its distinguishing feature. The trees and shrubs before mentioned as overhanging the first half of our winding road, at this point, and the corresponding altitude on all sides of the Black, give place to the Balsam, which is the exclusive growth of the mountain tops. It is

the dark green of this tree as seen from a distance that has given the name of "the Black" to this mountain or rather to this *long range of peaks*. It would be too much of a digression to enumerate the many uses to which this tree, with the resin it exudes, is put by the people living about the mountain for many miles from its base.

The kind hospitality of some of the relatives of Mr. Patton, the proprietor, had procured for us the keys of the hotel, and made all our large company free to enter at pleasure every apartment from cellar to garret, and select their places for sleeping. To the same gentlemen and to Dr. Boyd of the "Eagle Hotel," Asheville, we owed the means of satisfying a craving appetite, the necessary consequence of the continuous exercise we had taken. Our numbers making sitting impracticable, we ate standing a primeval meal; using our hands and fingers as plates and forks, and I might add, *spoons*. We were glad to find in hot coffee, which we swallowed with avidity without milk or cream, an effective sedative to nerves which the cold piercing air of our great altitude was rapidly unsettling.

In the meanwhile those in charge of the body were toiling slowly upward. In many places, the oxen drawing a sled, upon which it had been placed, became useless in consequence of the muddiness or steepness of the way and for short distances the corpse was carried on the shoulders of the mountaineers. It was after nine o'clock, and many of our company had retired for the night before they arrived. One by one, tired, wet, muddy and chilled, these worthy men came in, seeking a share of the supper of which we had partaken and the pallets we had spread upon the floors. It was late before the house was quiet and even then, as thoughts of the novelty of our situation and of the mournful purpose for which we were there; besides occasional whispers from some one more awake than the rest; and the wintry state of the atmosphere—which not the blazing fires on our hearths, the thick blankets in which we were wrapped, nor the animal heat diffused from the bodies of so many room-mates could entirely dispel—all served to prevent our falling asleep for some time.

An early start, after a hasty breakfast on the remnants of the supper of the preceding evening and securing the animals turned loose to shift for themselves during the night, enabled most of us from the Buncombe side to reach the top of Mt. Mitchell before 9 o'clock. While awaiting the commencement of the ceremonies we had several hours in which to enjoy the magnificent prospect our lofty elevation afforded us. The cold mists that at first enveloped the tops of the mountain were gradually dispersed by the sun as he rose higher in the heavens, and then was revealed to us a grander scene than it had ever before been our lot to behold. The majestic heights of the peaks that with Mt. Mitchell rise from a common

base; the Blue Ridge in the distance; the deep frightful gorges on all sides below us, growing every moment more distinct as we gazed upon them and pictured to ourselves the fall and death of the old friend we were then to bury; the river winding with their silver streams in every direction from their little sources in the recesses of the mountains; the beautiful farms with their golden harvests, cultivated spots amid the boundless wilderness of trees; the light fleecy clouds dotting the horrizon; and the blue sky above; all formed a picture that any one not entirely devoid of a taste for the beautiful in nature could not fail to gaze upon with feelings of silent admiration.

In the meantime the sturdy mountaineers of Yancey were assembling in great numbers. They, many with their wives and daughters, had toiled up the long and steep ascent to witness the burial of the friend, who nearly a quarter of a century before, endeared himself to them while laboring to ascertain the height of their famous mountain and explore its hidden recesses, who had died amongst them while verifying the results of those former labors and who was found by *them* at the bottom of his watery grave. A stranger did not require words from them to know how they loved him while living and cherished his memory after death. They had not long to wait; for the body, kept with much difficulty in its place on the sled, as the oxen made their way over the miry road and slippery roots was drawing near its final resting-place. At the foot of the steep knoll that forms the summit, the oxen and sled were finally dispensed with, and a friendly emulation was displayed by the Yancey Mountaineers in offering their broad shoulders to support the corpse.

R. D. Wilson, Esq., of Yancey, being requested to act as Marshall, here formed a procession in the following order:

Citizens of Buncombe.
Citizens of Yancey.
Students of the University.
THE CORPSE.
Family of the Deceased.
Trustees and Faculty of the University.
The President and Rt. Rev. Orator.

Upon reaching the summit of the Mountain, the lines in front of the the Corpse were opened and the procesion in reversed order advanced to the grave, Bishop Otey reading the impressive service of the Episcopal Church for the Burial of the Dead. Arrived at the brink of the grave, a necessarily shallow one dug mostly through rock, the body was lowered; and the Bishop, from a desk formed of a stone taken from the grave, delivered a funeral address to an audience that stood or sat with heads reve-

rently uncovered. When it is remembered that with great inconvenience and trouble and upon very short notice the Bishop had come from his distant home on the banks of the Mississippi, every one is assured that he spoke the truth when he said, that *gratitude and love* caused him to be there to pay the last honors to the instructor and friend of his youth—surely such a tribute to friendship has been seldom offered in this selfish world. We scarcely knew whom more to admire—him who *inspired*, or him who *felt* such undying friendship—him who was *eulogized* or him who *spoke the eulogy*.

Upon motion of Gov. Swain a vote of thanks, that seemed to come from the inmost heart of the audience, and a request for a copy of the address for publication were unanimously adopted and were but a feeble testimony to the general appreciation of it. Though composed chiefly of people of the surrounding counties, Mountaineers, whose lives had been spent far from schools and academies of learning, the whole assembly seemed most deeply interested and impressed. And when the Rt. Rev. Orator spoke of the zealous and untiring labors of his departed friend, for forty years, in the cause of religion and science and in the instruction of hundreds of the youth of this State—of all the Southern States, and of his tragic death in verifying in his old age measurements and observations made by him on that mountain long years before. I am sure there was not one of his hearers too young or too ignorant to *feel* that in the death of Dr. Mitchell, North Carolina lost one of her noblest sons, one of her brightest ornaments.

The able President of our University then, after paying a graceful compliment to the address we had so much admired, in words eloquent though unstudied, added his testimony to the truth and justice of its eulogy ; and alluding to the eminent appropriateness of the place of burial he expressed an intention on the part of himself and his friend N. W. Woodfin, Esq., of Asheville, as owners, to present the ground on which they stood, the top of the high peak, to the Trustees of the University on condition that it shall be called *Mt. Mitchell*—alleging very truly, that the right of property is not more theirs than the right to give it a name. Of the propriety of this name, it seems to me, no one who has had the opportunity as we had on that accasion of interrogating Dr. Mitchell's guides to the different peaks in 1835, can entertain the slightest doubt. If the word of man, corroborated by independent circumstances, is to be believed, *Dr. Mitchell was on the summit on which his remains now rest, with William Wilson and Adoniran Allen in* 1835.

At the conclusion of ex-Governor Swain's address, which was extemporaneous, James W. Patton, Esq., moved that he be requested to write it out for publication ; and R. Don Wilson, Esq., of Yancey, Col. Washington

Hardy, of Buncombe, and J. W. Graham of the University were appointed a committee to confer with him and with Bishop Otey, and to urge most earnestly the permission to publish their several addresses.

To these solicitations I was happy to learn neither of the distinguished speakers considered himself at liberty to turn a deaf ear, and consent was given that the public should have in print, what was so edifying to us who were present at the delivery. Though they have not the propitious accessories of the occasion—the top of the lofty mountain, the open grave, the body of the departed, the tone of the speakers and the mournful faces of the listening hearers, to heighten the effect of what was said, I feel confident that the general appreciation of it will be akin, if not equal to ours.

It is a coincidence not unworthy of remark, that on Mt. Mitchell, in the persons of Bishop Otey and his respected friend and class-mate Dr. Thomas H. Wright of Wilmington, and of Mr. Graham and Mr. Mitchell the beloved son of the departed, were here to mourn at his funeral, members of the first and of the last class that Dr. Mitchell instructed at the University.

MOUNT MITCHELL—JUNE 16, 1858.

From the University Magazine.

Proud Peak! so sternly rising 'mid the smiling heaven—
Thy haughty brow by thunderbolts and tempests riven,
Dark bristling with thy jagged pines, like warriors mailed,
And beetling crags where erst unharmed have eagles sailed,
Among thy giant brothers grim, without a peer;
Thy solitudes unwaked from rolling year to year,
By man, or aught, save howling storms or brutes of dread;
To-day, how thou must marvel at th' unwonted tread
Of those who climb thy heights, and cloud-throned summit scale,
To chant o'er Science' martyred son the funeral wail.

Oh, haughtiest ingrate!—to prove thy pride and place,
E'en o'er proud Washington, king of the mountain race;
This was his eager wish from year to year pursued—
And with his blood thy cruel clutches thou'st imbued!
Rock-hearted type of Pride, thou would'st undoubted claim,
By search or measure true, of king the rank and name!
Oh hateful cliff, from whose rough, treacherous, wildering height,

The kind and wise old man fell on that saddest night,
Sweet stream beneath! whose pitying bosom took him in,
As down, down, down, with headlong crash and horrid din
Of hurtling stones around he fell, and none was nigh
To hear, for help his last, heart-thrilling, gasping cry.
Uproot the frail, weak, Laurel tree to which he clung;
False herb! a precious life in truth upon thee hung
That night, as oft it has on thy poetic meed—
Alas! thou'rt ever but the broken, piercing reed!
What, though it mocked his dying grasp, the treacherous laurel bough,
Fame's self he'd won, and needed not the emblem now.
A crown of glory shall be his beyond the grave
O'er which his well-earned earthly laurels fadeless wave.
Sleep, good and kindly man, in this thy tomb sublime:
Such was thy wish, here to await the end of time.
Honored wherever Science lifts her searching eye,
Loved in thy classic home thy memory cannot die!

And Otey, who o'er thy pale, cherished form, doth say
The last fond words that loving, honoring lips e'er may;
Well may he feel the spell of place upon him now;
For he is mountain-born. Lo! on his glorious brow
High thoughts inspired fleet on, as storm and sunshine chase
Each other o'er the calm, uplifted, mountain's face.
Thou'rt like to Saul amidst his brothers; he like each,
And like thy far-off heights, his lofty soarings reach,
Far, far beyond the aching sight and easy ken,
Of most who walk this earth and bear the names of men.

On dark, blue, Otter's rounded peak, oft hath he said,
"Make thou, my well beloved, my last and lonely bed:"
But oh! may God, the Merciful, forbid that thou
Shouldst find a martyr's grave, as he we mourn o'er now.
Yet what more noble, worthy, death may be desired?
The great, the good, he long pursued—achieved—expired.

True nobleman of nature thou—gentle, yet firm,
Honored to terror's verge by scholars through the term;
But like a brother loved, when college rule was done;
The master so august, and genial friend in one.
Oh, noble Mitchell! thy revered and cherished name
Old Chapel Hill deems sweetest heritage of fame.

Oh! tender, loving ones of his dear home embalm
His memory with sighs ye must; but seek for calm
In all the good he living, did; and dying, paid
His life—upon the shrine of zeal in duty laid.

Dark mountain king! baptized with sacrificial blood,
Mt. Mitchell *now*. Gained by this broad and easy road,
Black Peak, no longer frowning unattained and wild,
Love hath subdued thee to the footsteps of a child:
A monument to that immortal power, thou'rt given
To man, by HIM who made and ruleth Earth and Heaven.

V. O. M.

RICHMOND, VA., JUNE 16, 1858.

"That 'tis Man's highest glory TO BE GOOD."

A FUNERAL ORATION

AT THE

RE-INTERMENT OF THE REMAINS

OF THE

REV. ELISHA MITCHELL, D. D.

LATE PROFESSOR OF

CHEMISTRY, MINERALOGY AND GEOLOGY IN THE

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

ON MOUNT MITCHELL,

JUNE 15, 1858.

BY THE

RT. REV. JAMES H. OTEY, D. D.,

BISHOP OF TENNESSEE.

CHAPEL HILL:
PUBLISHED BY J. M. HENDERSON.
PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY.
1858.

A FUNERAL ORATION.

Who needs to be told, in the midst of the awe-inspiring scenes of grandeur which here surround us, that "God only is great?" "There is neither speech nor language," but a voice comes from all these lofty heights, these profound and awful gulfs, comes to the soul of man—of every reflecting man here, and re-echoes the sentiment of reverence to which Moses gave utterance in the sublime language, "Before the Mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth and the world were made, Thou art God from everlasting, and world without end!"

Man and his works are perishable and ever perishing. Nature is more stable and enduring. The scenes of great events serve as striking memorials to future ages; while the changeless features impressed upon them, convey by contrast, an awakening lesson of the mutability of human things.

In the art in which genius sometimes displays its most brilliant powers, and fancy amuses itself with mimic representations of passions and wants on the great stage of life; the curtain falls upon the scenery and action together: and when the walking shadows of being disappear, the "counterfeit presentment" of objects, introduced to strengthen the illusion, is removed from view, as unmeaning lumber.

Not so with the reality enacting on the wide and varied field of human existence and enterprise. The action, it is true, is fleeting and inconstant. Generations succeed each other in mournful and rapid succession; and their

works are swept away, as the leaves of the forest are driven before the chilling blasts of autumn. But the scenes among which men labour and toil and struggle remain with the same characters unchanged, which God impressed upon them; having all of perpetuity that earth can give; destined to witness other crises and other catastrophes in the ever-passing drama of mortality; and to furnish to the end of time, silent but truthful monuments to the facts of history. Races, institutions, religions and governments; arts, trades, associations, and dynasties follow each other in mighty and varied series, sheltered beneath the shadows flung from the same mountain heights, and mirrored in the same placid waters. The storied plain of Marathon with its encircling hills, its meandering rivulet, its marsh—the grave of many a Persian horseman—its beach, battered by the surges of the Ægean sea, continues now, as on that memorable day, when it was pressed by the feet of the flying Mede, with shaftless quiver and broken bow, or trampled in hot haste by the furious and conquering Greek, with red, pursuing speer! But the nations, the ideas, the altars and the institutions of those who contended there for victory, are dissolved as utterly, and almost as long ago, as the bodies of the slain in the lonely mound which yet marks the spot of their inhumation.—The majestic summit of "high Olympus" still overlooks the peaceful vale of Thessaly, with the same lofty and pure eminence which commended it to heathen fancy as the throne of the Gods; as the council chamber where "Jove convened the Senate of the skies," to decide the fate of nations. But the divinities themselves, the intellectual creations of ancient poets; the fair humanities of those old religions which the ingenuity of Statesmen invented, or employed, to effect political objects; the power, the beauty and the majesty that had there their imagined haunt, on its consecrated heights, have all vanished and live no lon-

ger in the faith or fancy of mortals. The truth of which I am speaking is most strikingly illustrated in the associations which henceforward will cling to this Father of American Mountains; rising here in majestic grandeur; with its rocky battlements scathed by the red lightnings, but yet unharmed; and throwing back the voice of the loudest thunders, from its deep-muttered and reverberating caverns, and transmitting the awful roar from crag to crag, until earth herself appears to shudder with fear and trembling. A few years only have elapsed since it stood here in solitary loneliness, unchronicled amidst changes which have marked the passing away of nations of men that roamed under its woody sides or climbed its dizzy heights!

We tread the scenes over which buried tribes and generations of men once wandered; we gaze upon the cloud-capped summits which once filled their vision; we strain the eye to trace the dim and distant outline that bounded their horizon; the places which know us, knew them; saw all that we would vainly explore; and heard those shrouded secrets of the shadowy past which are never to be recovered from oblivion till the coming of that hour when "the earth shall give up her dead!"

The eye of one who first drew breath in a northern clime, and moved by the most honorable motives which can govern human conduct, to seek useful employment in this, his adopted State, and led by the desire to add to the stock of human knowledge, or by the natural love of the sublime and beautiful, rested some twenty three years ago upon this glorious monument of the Creator's handy-work. He traversed its most deeply wooded dells; he stood upon its loftiest peaks; he gazed in rapture upon its bold and magnificent outlines of grandeur; his spirit here drank in the sweet and elevating influences of the Heavenly world, and though no angels, messengers from the spirit-land, met him here to lift the veil that covers eternal things, yet here he

doubtless held communion with his God, and in that solitude and silence which are most propitious to devotion, he felt in the mingled affections of love, reverence and fear that filled the soul of the disciple upon the mount of transfiguration and which inspired his breast, that it was indeed good for him to be here.

> "Early had he learned
> To reverence the volume that displays
> The mystery, the life, that cannot die;
> But in the mountains he did *feel* his faith!"
> * * * * * * * *
> "The whispering air
> Sends inspiration from the mountain heights."
>
> WORDSWORTH.

We know not what were the varied emotions and exercises of mind which the contemplation of these scenes of sublimity and beauty excited in him. We know that he possessed a soul thoroughly attuned to the full appreciation of all these things; and tastes formed and educated by study and observation to derive the most exquisite pleasure as well as profit from their contemplation. He has not, so far as I know, left on record any account of the reflections to which acquaintance with the view of these things gave rise. Whatever shape they took, sure I am, they were in spirit holy and elevating and if now they exist in words of human language, they remain as precious mementoes of love and affection to those who were enshrined in his heart. But mere selfish gratification formed no part of his character and its elements, if they mingled at all in the motives which actuated his pursuits, did so incidentally. If this constitution of his mind led him to investigate the laws and operations of nature and derive pleasure from such occupations, the affections of his heart influenced him not less to turn all his discoveries and convert all his acquisitions to the good of mankind. Perhaps not a flower blooms on this mountain and sheds its fragrance to perfume the bree-

zes that fan its brows, but a specimen of it adorns his herbarium. Perhaps not a root draws nourishment and healing virtue from its soil, but its like or a description of it enriches the collection of his Cabinet. Perhaps not an animal roams through these wilds; not a bird warbles its matin notes of joy, or sings its vesper-hymn of praise, amidst these umbrageous groves; not a reptile crawls around these rock-serrated ridges; nor insect floats in the morning beams that herald the approach of the "powerful king of day," or sports in the rays that leave their dewy kiss upon the brow of this giant son of the everlasting hills (as Night throws around him her sable folds, inviting to repose,) that he has not observed its habits, tracked its ways, learned its instincts, and chronicled its history. Is there a rock upheaved from yonder summit that throws exultingly its thunder-rifted crags to the sky, or that protrudes in stately and proud disdain, from yonder iron-bound and beetling cliffs, as though it held in contempt all smaller things?—He knew its class, its composition, its age. Is there a mineral that has been dug from these hills; that has rolled down from these ridgy steeps; or been uncovered by the torrents that rave and roar down these mountain sides?—He knew its form and family, its value and its uses. Hither he brought the theodolite with its unerring precision to compute angles; the surveyors chain to measure distances; the compass to determine bearings; the barometer to weigh the atmosphere and the hygrometer to ascertain its humidity. From all these elements of Scientific calculation as developed by means and instruments that speak no language but that of truth, simple, and naked truth—unmoved from propriety by envy, unswayed by the whisperings of ambition—he ascertained and proclaimed that this spot on which we here stand—this glorious summit, raised above the scenes of a toiling and weary world, was the highest land in the United States, East of the Mississippi River!

Who then has a better right than he, to give it a name ?—None ; by all that is praiseworthy in honest labor, sacred in truth and just in reward !

But what has convened this vast assembly ? What has brought the people from their homes as far as the eye can reach from this proud eminence over all the land below, to gather here in solemn silence—seriousness impressed on every countenance and reverence enthroned on every brow ? The dwellers in vales and on the mountain tops are here. The husbandman has left his plough ; the artisan his tools ; the professional man his office ; the merchant has quit the busy mart of trade ; the man of Science has closed the doors of his study ; the student has laid aside his books to come hither ! "The bridegroom has come forth from his chamber and the bride from her closet," the Fathers and Mothers of the land are here ! "Young men and maidens, old men and children ;" and the ministers of the Sanctuary are here to do honor to this occasion, and in this place no "unfit audience chamber of Heaven's King," to consecrate the spot, as far as the act of man may, "to deathless fame !"—No martial music breaks upon the hearing, stirring the hearts of men and gathering armed hosts in the serried ranks of battle ; no sound of the trumpet, nor voice of prophet has collected this mighty concourse of living men ! I never saw such an assembly : I never expect to see the like again ! I never read of any thing in history approaching its equal or its parallel, except the gathering of the hosts of Israel on Mount Carmel at the call of Elijah ! In the physical features of the scene here presented to the eye, the proportions of grandeur and beauty more than equal those of Carmel. The moral grandeur of the object and of the assembly gathered by Elijah far surpass ours. Indeed they were never equalled in our world except when God descended upon Sinai and surrounded by

terrible emblems of power and glory proclaimed his law to his people.

But what has moved us, as by the spirit of one man to be here to-day? From the banks of the majestic Mississippi in the West, and from the shores where thunders the Atlantic wave in the East, we have met on this midway ground. For what? To do homage to GOODNESS, my countrymen! Some of us to pay the tribute of our love in tears to the memory of one who was dear to us as a Father! Many of us who in years long past could appropriate the language of the prophet in behalf of Israel and say, "My Father! thou art the guide of my youth." All of us to testify our appreciation of merit and by one act to link for ever the honored name of ELISHA MITCHELL, with this Monarch of Mountains. Here then, and to-day, we commit to the ground all that remains of his perishable body. Here, in the face of Heaven, in the light of yonder Sun, whose radiance beams brightly on this spot when darkness veils the world below, and the storm-cloud with its fringes of fire girdles the mountain waist,—in the name of truth, honor, and justice; by right of prior discovery; by merit of being the first to claim the honor of actual measurement and mathematical determination; by virtue of labors endured with unremitting patience, and terminated only by death; we consecrate this mountain by the name of MT. MITCHELL and we call upon you to speak your approval and say Amen! Yes, we consecrate it—a monument raised to the memory of DR. ELISHA MITCHELL, to a fame,

> "Unwasting, deathless and sublime,
> That will remain while lightnings quiver,
> Or stars the hoary summits climb,
> Or rolls the thunder chariot of Eternal Time."
>
> A. PIKE.

Here I might consider my undertaken task as finished—the object of my long and wearisome pilgrimage as consummated; but I must crave your indulgence, while I endea-

vor in humble imitation of him whose death we deplore, and whose virtues we honor, to improve even this occasion to the practical benefit of my fellow men. Such, methinks, would be his course, if he were living and called to act in the circumstances under which I find myself placed. He allowed no opportunity to pass unimproved, if by any means he could employ it to the good of mankind. Little did I think, this time last year, that I should be soon called to officiate at his burial—to see the doors of death opened and then closed upon him, till the clangor of the Archangel's trumpet shall break the silence of the grave, and the dawn of the resurrection morn shall shed its light over all the places of the scattered and slumbering dead! But God's ways are inscrutable—his wisdom unsearchable and his judgments a great deep. Submission, trust and hope are the virtues which his dealings with us evermore and emphatically inculcate.

About seven years ago I stood by the tomb of Sir Walter Scott, the great Weird of the North—the man whose genius by a kind of magic influence held the world spell-bound. His grave was made under an arch in the ruins of Dryburg Abbey and covered with a plain slab of Sand-stone, his name with the date of his birth and death inscribed upon it. His wife and eldest son reposed in death by his side, one on the right, the other on his left. It was the most melancholy-looking place I ever saw. The spirit of sadness seemed to preside over the spot; to utter its low voice in the gentle and just audible murmurs of the Tweed; to breathe sighs in the light winds that whispered through the trees and to brood over all the scene like a dull haze obscuring the brightness of the sky. It seemed to me, as if this great man had come to this secluded spot to lay down the burden of mortality in mockery of the pride and vanity of human expectations. It is well known, that his fondest and most earnest desires were to attain the honors and ti-

tles of a baronetcy and to become the founder of an ennobled family. For this, his vast and versatile powers were taxed to the utmost strength, and even beyond endurance. He seemed just on the eve of realizing his ardently cherished hopes. His literary fame was redolent with the praises of a world of admirers. He attracted the favorable notice of his sovereign, and through the interest of one and another, powerful in Court influence, he gained the name of Baron. And very soon the vicissitudes of trade, through which he hoped to acquire the means of maintaining his newly conferred dignity, imposed on him the stern obligation of laboring for his bread, and the liquidation of the just claims of his creditors. Bravely he waged the battle of life: But "time and change happen to all" and at last the mightiest of all conquerers met him: and in his grasp he yielded up life and all its promises of distinction, with as little resistance as an infant offers to the over-mastering and crushing strength of a giant. For what purpose had he lived and to what end had he employed the commanding talents with which God had endowed him? It is an accredited maxim, "*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*"—that is speak nothing derogatory of the dead. We accept the aphorism, and mean not to deny its obligation in practice. We would not take one leaf of pine or laurel from that crown with which the suffrage of a world has graced the brow of Scotland's favorite son. But by suggesting a comparison between the works of the great Magician of the North and the unobtrusive and patient labors of the Professor toiling for forty years in the Academic shades of Carolina, in their acknowledged results upon human society, I would add a modest and unpretending *Forget-me-not* to the wreath which adorns the honored head of our beloved friend.

We ask, how much have the writings of Sir Walter contributed to the formation of correct principles of human

conduct, and enforced the obligations of virtue? To the entertainment of the world they have made a large contribution. He has made Scotland classic ground. He has converted her hills into mountains, her fresh ponds into magnificent lakes, her rivulets into deep, flowing rivers. Every thing he has robed with the colors of imagination; but when you come to look at the reality, you are astonished to find that of all men, he has furnished in his descriptions of men and things, the most striking, marvellous and thoughtful exemplification of what his brother poet, Campbell says, in the opening of his poem, on the Pleasures of Hope;

"Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

His characters are unreal; his estimate of the obligations and standard of virtue, defective; his exemplifications of principles in practice, imaginary and very rarely such as any judicious father could safely propose for the imitation of his children. It is more than probable that there is not a living man in the world, whose character has been fashioned after the model which Sir Walter Scott has drawn of the most brilliant conception which his mind has realized of human excellency. And herein lies the marked difference between the practical teacher—the conscientious instructor and trainer of the young, and the man whose conceptions of life and its responsibilities are embodied in the dreams of poetry, and in the thrilling and moving scenes depicted in the descriptions of the writers of Romance and Fiction.

When we stand by the grave of Professor Mitchell we feel that we are near the ashes of one who has labored and striven conscientiously in the noblest and holiest of the causes of humanity. That cause was, and is, and must ever be, to develop and strengthen the intellectual powers in alliance with efforts to cultivate and cherish and bring into healthy action the moral affections; in a word to

educate the head and the heart at the same time. Never was there a greater mistake nor one more injurious to personal and relative interests, to social and public weal than to separate these and attempt to effect a divorce between the intellectual and the moral in man. What sort of a creature would a man be, if he had no heart? No heart to feel for another's woe; nor to rejoice with them that rejoice; and never to weep with them that weep; to have no word of encouragement for the desponding; no look of compassion for the suffering; no hand to feed the hungry or clothe the naked; no promptings to go on errands of mercy to the sick and dying? Yet this is what the presuming wisdom and arrogant spirit of this age has attempted in some of the highest and, in point of mental furniture, some of the best endowed institutions in our country.

With such a system Professor Mitchell held no sympathy. Defective as all institutions founded upon Legislative patronage unquestionably are, in necessary provision for teaching christianity as a system of divine revelation for the salvation of men, and that, in consequence of the petty rivalries and mean jealousies of sectaries, who seem unable to comprehend and embrace the enlarged and catholic spirit of the gospel, and who would see every institution of learning in the land crumbled into ruins rather than not have a direct share in its management and government,—this defect in moral training founded on the recognition of the great facts and doctrines of Christianity, so justly complained of by parents, and particularly by religious parents, in the education of their sons, Professor Mitchell, I know, endeavored to supply by infusing the religious element, as much as possible, into his instructions in the lecture room, and more especially in his conversation with those who were so fortunate as to win his personal regard. More than forty years have now elapsed since he first entered the walls of the North Carolina Universi-

ty, and assumed the duties of the chair of Mathematics. I was there then, an untaught, undisciplined and unsophisticated youth. I remember what a deep impression his commanding form, his noble brow on which mind seemed enthroned, and his dark, lustrous eye made upon our young hearts. Besides him there were the President, the venerable Dr. Caldwell, Dr. Hooper, Professor of languages, and two Tutors, the late Priestly H. Mangum, and John M. Morehead, afterwards Governor of the State. Professor Olmsted, now of Yale, his "*fidus et carus comes*" added his strength to the Academic Corps, some months later. How many now living and dead whose characters, as developed in the various departments of human life, have the precepts and example of Professor Mitchell in the last forty years contributed more than any other man's influence to form and develope!

Does any one ask where are the monuments of his labors? We answer they will be found among the members of the Cabinet—among Senators in the Council Chamber—Representatives in the Halls of Congress—Governors of States —Judges sitting in the highest places of Justice—Legislators—Ministers to Foreign Governments—Heralds of the Cross—Men of renown in all the departments of human enterprise — Lawyers, Physicians, Professors, Schoolmasters—a mighty array of talent, of learning and worth, the influence of which is felt through all the land, and will continue to be felt while industry and knowledge shall be honored, or gratitude find a name and place of esteem among men.

Have not the recorded observations of mankind given the character of an established and admitted fact to the assertion that a man's future usefulness depends upon his early associations? and that the destiny of every human being is written upon his heart by his Mother or by his Teacher? If "the Boy is father of the Man," how much of

the excellency and usefulness of that manhood depends upon the wisdom, the sagacity, the care and the skill of him to whom is entrusted the rearing and training of that boy! Socrates was the teacher of Plato and of Aristotle, the brightest luminaries of the ancient heathen world! And of this last, Philip of Macedon, the wisest monarch of his day, and father of Alexander the Great, is said to have expressed his high admiration by writing, that he was not so "thankful to the Gods for making him a father, as he was for their giving him a son in an age when he could have Aristotle for his instructor."

If the time permitted I could tell you, by the recital of remembered instances, how Professor Mitchell's wise and far-reaching care, his ever-present and friendly watchfulness and parental solicitude for the student, manifested themselves in the lecture room, on public occasions, in the social circle, and in the administration of discipline. Every where, and in all things, he acted as if under an abiding conviction, that he was forming the principles and character of those to whom would presently be committed, not only their own individual, personal happiness, but the guardianship of the great public interests of the land, and the momentous concerns of souls that would live when the cares and turmoil of this world were ended. Thoughts dwelling upon these responsibilities were ever present with him, and words of instruction, of advice and of warning, as the occasion served, mingled themselves in, and if I may so say, infused fragrance to, all his direct communications with the young. I could tell you how he projected short pedestrian excursions into the surrounding country for the benefit of his class, in order that they might reduce the principles of science which they had learned from the book into practice; and how his conversation always abounded with striking and pleasant anecdotes, about men of other countries and other times; intended by him not only to relieve

the weariness of labor, but to serve as striking illustrations of some moral truth spoken, or as incentives to persevering effort, or to inspire a worthy emulation. I could tell you how he was ever ready to relieve the difficulties of the student, by patient efforts at explanation; to unfold to him the intricacies of mathematical calculations; the mysteries of science—its sublime truths, the use and the beauty of their application—how he wrought for his improvement from the garnished heavens where myriads upon myriads of worlds speak the Creator's glory, power and praise; through the rich and variegated fields which the science of Botany displays, to the wonders of Geology with its mysterious history and revelations, "graven with an iron pen in the rock forever;" and to the marvellous discoveries which the microscope makes in the insect world; and from all these departments brought forth stores rich and abundant, to enlarge and improve his understanding and mend his heart.—A task so grateful to me, so just to his memory, and which, if faithfully performed, might be so beneficial to the living, I must leave to others having more time and better opportunity to do it justice.

> "Can that man be dead,
> Whose spiritual influence is upon his kind?
> He lives in glory; and his speaking dust
> Has more of life than half its breathing moulds."
>
> Miss Landon.

We must hasten to the performance of the melancholy duties for which we have here met. His "record is on high!" His memory, enshrined in the hearts of those who knew him, shall live till this mountain which perpetuates his name shall perish in the fires of the last conflagration.

We may pause a moment to speak of his death. Its circumstances are too well known to you all to make their detail necessary. It is sufficient to mention that on the 28th day of June 1857 he parted with his son to cross the mountain to Thos. Wilson's.

A storm, not an uncommon event in this region at that season of the year, arose and shrouded the mountain in thick darkness. He wandered from his way, and never reached the point of his destination. The fact of his being missed and the consequent uneasiness of his son and daughter were soon made known to the hardy sons of this region; who, touched with the genuine feelings of sympathy and humanity so characteristic of all people whose dwellings are in proximity to Nature's grandest and noblest works, assembled speedily and in large numbers to begin the work of search for him who was missing, and whose visits to their mountain homes, and whose affability of manners, simplicity of deportment and instructive conversation had gained for him a sure lodgment in their respect and in their hearts. It may indicate the savage wildness of the region to state, that this search was continued for ten days diligently but without success. At length, at the end of that time, perseverance and diligence, animated by affection and led by love, were rewarded by the discovery of the body.—His manly, breathless form was discovered in a deep, clear basin of water at the foot of a precipice forty feet high, from which he had fallen in the darkness of the night, when none but God was nigh. His noble features were not disfigured and not a bone of him was broken. What a death, my hearers! probably without a pang—without consciousness of pain or suffering! In the mysterious appointment of Heaven, his hour had come, and his transition from the mortal to the immortal state, was as rapid as the ascent of Elijah, by a "chariot and horses of fire." We know not of the communings held with his own heart, in the loneliness of that last walk upon the mountains, while the storm-cloud wrapped its folds of darkness around him, and the hoarse thunder uttered its loud dirge to herald the passage of his spirit from the cares and toils of a weary world, to the rest and peace of the better land. Did in-

stinctive fears alarm him, as all unconscious of danger in his path, he approached the fatal ledge of the precipice ?—We know not. Did any exclamation burst from his lips, at the instant he became sensible of falling from its dizzy height? God only knoweth. We only know that his life had been such as to give to all who knew and loved him, the precious consolation of hope in his death. We only know that his name will hereafter be encircled with the same halo that sheds its light upon the names of the Franklins—the Andersons and the Kanes, who perished in prosecuting their labors in the cause of science—in making known the wonders of God's works, and the fruits of whose efforts and cares were meekly and modestly laid at the foot of the cross. I hold up the example of his life as embodying the elements of precious consolation to his surviving family and friends; of animating encouragement to the young, and of solemn warning to the living; admonishing them to remember, by a catastrophe never to be forgotten, that "in the midst of life we are in death." I hold it up to his children, as the strongest incentive that can nerve the heart by sweet memories of the dead, to walk as he walked, in virtue's ways. I take it to his now desolate hearth-stone—to his widowed home. and unfolding there a life and conversation, all of which are treasured up in the deepest recesses of the soul, I would say to the bruised spirit, in remembrance of the rich mercies of the past, be comforted, by all the kindling hopes of the future. Let the holy recollections of years gone—the path of life's pilgrimage, illuminated by the light which shone from a faith illustrated by good works—throw brightness over his grave; consecrate his memory; and spread the hue of Heaven's own gladness over the bereaved and rifled bosom, in contemplating the assurance of a happy re-union beyond the tomb.

As the traveller wends his weary way along the journey of life, his eye, from many a distant point in his road, will

catch a glimpse of this lofty eminence, rising heavenward, like a great beacon-light over the waste of mortality; and its name repeated by men who will ever be found dwelling under its shadow, will remind him that here repose the ashes of a great and a good man. In this palace of nature —this vast cathedral raised by God's hand, where swift winged winds mingle their voices with the dread sounds of Heaven's thunder, we leave him—leave him—

> "Amid the trophies of Jehovah's power
> And feel and own, in calm and solemn mood,
> That, 'tis man's highest glory, *to be good.*"

A VINDICATION

OF THE PROPRIETY OF GIVING THE NAME "MT. MITCHELL,"

TO THE HIGHEST PEAK OF "BLACK MOUNTAIN:"

—o—

AN ADDRESS,

DELIVERED 16TH JUNE, 1858,

BY

HON. DAVID L. SWAIN, LL. D.,

PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF N. C.

CHAPEL HILL:
PUBLISHED BY J. M. HENDERSON.
PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY.
.....
1858.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The arrival of Professor Charles Phillips had been anxiously expected until the close of the ceremonies. He was, however, confined at home by severe illness. At the conclusion of Bishop Otey's address, and before the coffin was lowered into the grave President Swain remarked that the duty of representing the University in these ceremonies had most unexpectedly devolved upon him. That the audience were aware, that his friend and colleague, Professor Phillips, had carefully investigated the points of controversy which had recently arisen with respect to the original discovery of this mountain height. To the Professor's published papers he would refer for a more extended vindication of Dr. Mitchell's fame than was necessary to his purpose.*

President Swain said that in relation to this question, he was very loth to indulge himself in a statement even of facts within his own knowledge, or susceptible of direct proof, by persons then present whose truthfulness no one would question. That his reluctance arose not merely from a consciousness of his inability to do the full justice to the subject, anticipated from Professor Phillips; but from a painful apprehension, that anything he should say might serve only to mar the effect of the most touching and interesting exhibition of filial piety he had ever witnessed. That the venerable Prelate to whom they had all listened with so much delight, had at an unreasonably short notice, in the midst of pressing engagements, harassing anxieties and cares, left the sick-bed of a near relative, and travelled six hundred miles from the Mississippi to the Alleghany, to pay a tribute of respect and affection at the grave of an instructor, with whom his intercourse began quite forty years ago. This simple incident is all the evidence that need be required of the true character of the living and the dead. It is an incident, with the attendant circumstances, such as has never occurred before and will never occur again. The moral sublime is in beautiful harmony with the surrounding scenery. He who of the race of men first stood in life, is the first to find repose, in death, on the highest ascertained elevation on the continent, east of the Mississippi. Of the latter distinction, no one can divest him. Of his right to the former, the evidence is believed to be scarcely less clear and conclusive.

After referring to the fact that he was a native of the County of Buncombe, during five years one of their Representatives in the General As-

*See University Magazine for March 1858, pp. 293–318.

sembly, a resident of Asheville until 1831, and a citizen until his removal to the University in 1836, President Swain remarked, that to the deceased he stood in a relation no less intimate and endearing. He was his pupil in 1822, had been a Trustee of the University since 1831, and at the head of the Institution since 1835. His friends Bishop Otey and Dr. Wright, were class-mates, and their acquaintance commenced at an earlier period, they had known him longer, but there was no man living who knew him as well as he. For several years previous to, and during the entire period of President Swain's connection with the University, Dr. Mitchell was the Senior Professor. More than twenty years of daily intercourse afforded the fullest and fairest opportunity to form a correct opinion of his true character. He was a man of no ordinary ability, of very unusual attainments in literature and science, of indomitable perseverance, untiring industry and unflinching courage.

It was natural that the sudden death of such a man should produce a deep sensation in any community of which he was a member. But there was a kindness of heart and amenity of manner, that had endeared Dr. Mitchell to all within the range of his associations; and the manifestations of grief by the Faculty, the Students, and the community, were heart-felt, and universal. The rich and the poor, the bond as well as the free, men women and children, united in the award of funeral honors to an extent without a parallel, in the history of Chapel Hill.

Two days after the observance of the ceremonies upon the mountain, the addresses of Bishop Otey and President Swain, at the earnest request of the citizens of Asheville, were repeated at the Court House, to a large auditory. The subjoined narrative, is more nearly a report of the remarks of President Swain upon the latter, than upon the former occasion.

ADDRESS.

In the year 1825, in the city of Raleigh, while a member of the Legislature from the County of Buncombe, I was introduced to the late John C. Calhoun, then Vice-President of the United States. After a playful allusion to my height, which he said corresponded with his own and that of General Washington, he remarked that we could also congratulate ourselves on the circumstance, that we resided in the neighborhood of the highest mountain on the continent, east of the Rocky Mountains.

The suggestion took me entirely by surprise, and I inquired whether the fact had been ascertained. He replied, not by measurement, but that a very slight examination of the map of the United States, would satisfy me it was so. That I would find among the mountains of Buncombe, the head-springs of one of the great tributaries of the Mississippi, flowing into the gulf of Mexico; of the Kenhawa, entering the Ohio; and of the Santee and Peedee, emptying into the Atlantic. That these were the longest rivers in the United States, east of the Rocky mountains, finding their way in opposite directions to the ocean, and that the point of greatest elevation, must be at their sources.

In June, 1830, in company with the late Governor Owen, and other members of the Board of Internal Improvements of the State, I descended the Cape Fear river from Haywood to Fayetteville. Professor Mitchell of the University, availed himself of the opportunity thus afforded for a geo-

logical excursion and accompanied us. In the course of familiar conversation, I referred to the conjecture of Mr. Calhoun, in relation to the height of our Western Mountains. He intimated then, or at a subsequent interview, his concurrence in opinion with Mr. Calhoun, and mentioned that the distinguished naturalists, the elder and younger Michaux, had arrived at the same conclusion about the beginning of the century, from very different data.—They had found in the Black Mountain, trees and other specimens of Alpine growth, that they had observed no where else South of Canada.

In the summer of 1835, Dr. Mitchell made his first attempt to verify by barometrical measurement, the accuracy of the opinions expressed by these gentlemen. His exploration was laborious, careful and patient. A subsequent explorer remarks "that at the time Dr. Mitchell began his observations, with regard to the height of the Black Mountain, it was much more inaccessible than it has since become, by reason of the progress of the settlements around its base, so that he was liable to be misled, and thwarted, by unforseen obstacles, in his efforts to reach particular parts of the chain, and when he did attain some point at the top of the ridge, nature was too much exhausted to allow more than one observation, as to the immediate locality." The accuracy of this statement will be most clearly perceived and readily admitted, by those most familiar with the character of this mountainous region, then and now. It is impossible for a stranger to form a clear conception of the obstacles that were encountered and the difficulties overcome.

Dr. Mitchell's account of this exploration was published in due time, and attracted very general attention at home and abroad. There are few, even of the most obscure village newspapers of that day, in which notices of it may not be found. It was the first authoritative annunciation, that

the summit of the Black Mountain in North Carolina, was higher than that of the White mountains in New Hampshire, and the highest in the United States east of the Mississippi. The accuracy of the measurement was at first controverted, but subsequently yielded by writers in Silliman's American Journal of Science, and has long since ceased to be the subject of doubt.

The question that remains to be settled is of less importance, but it is believed, that its proper and truthful solution, is no less favorable to the deceased Professor's claim to accuracy as a man of science—was the pinnacle measured by Dr. Mitchell in 1835, the highest peak of the Black Mountain ?

In 1839, an agent of the publishers of Smith's Geography and Atlas, called upon me at the University, and requested an examination of the work and an opinion of its merits. On an intimation that it was not very accurate in relation to the Southern States, and especially erroneous in various instances with respect to North Carolina, he requested me to revise it at my leisure, and transmit a corrected copy to the publishers. I complied. A copy of this book is now before me, and on page 138, in the section descriptive of North Carolina is the following paragraph :— "Mount Mitchell in this State, has been ascertained to be the highest point of land in the United States, east of the Rocky Mountains."

At the time I revised the Geography and Atlas, I requested Dr. Mitchell, to mark upon the map of North Carolina, the highest point of elevation in the Black Mountain range. He did so, and I wrote against it "Mount Mitchell." A copy of this corrected map "entered according to an Act of Congress in the year 1839, by Daniel Burgess, in the Clerks office in the District of Connecticut," is now in my possession. I have examined it carefully and with all the aid to be obtained from Cook's map of the State,

and the knowledge derived from a recent visit to the mountain, I am by no means certain, that if the maps were submitted to me a second time time for revision, I could make a nearer approximation to accuracy in the delineation of the highest peak, than did Dr. MITCHELL in 1839.

The following Book Notice is copied from the *Raleigh Register* of June 5th, 1840. The replies to the suggestion of a name for the highest peak of the Black Mountain, appeared in the *Highland Messenger*, the first newspaper that was established west of the Blue Ridge.

The Rev. D. R. MCNALLY, D. D., extensively and favorably known as the Editor of the *Christian Advocate* at St. Louis, Mo., one of the offlcial organs of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, was at that time a citizen of Asheville, and the Editor of the *Highland Messenger*. It is perhaps proper to state that the article copied from the *Raleigh Register*, was written by me, and that I am the friend alluded to in the closing editorial of the *Messenger*. The name of Mount Mitchell as "an appellative" of the highest summit east of the Mississippi had its origin in these publications.

[From the Raleigh Register, June 5th, 1840.]

SMITH'S GEOGRAPHY AND ATLAS.

WE took occasion, some weeks since, to direct attention to the very neat and excellent Geography of S. Augustus Mitchell, and the admirable Atlas, by which it is accompanied. We have no disposition, in noticing the work placed at the head of this article, to abate in the slightest degree the high commendation we bestowed upon the labors of Mr. Mitchell.

It is due to Mr. Smith, however, to say, that a very slight inspection of his book will satisfy any one, that it will prove a dangerous competitor to the whole tribe of candidates for patronage in this department.

The Geography is well written and what is quite as important, is very accurate in its details, geographical and statistical. Like other School Books by the same author, it is upon the *productive system* and well adapted to the comprehension of the younger class of learners. Among the pictorial embelishments, is a good representation of our new State House

and of the armorial device of the State copied from the Great Seal. In the description of the State, Mount Mitchell is stated to be the highest point of land in the United States, east of the Rocky Mountains. We are gratified to see the reputation of the Senior Professor in our University established upon so durable, firm and elevated a basis.

The mechanical execution of the book however, is decidedly inferior to Mitchell's; but such is not the case with the Atlas, which is the neatest and most accurate collection of maps for the use of Schools, which has fallen under our observation. The new counties, Henderson and Cherokee, created by our last General Assembly, are delineated on the map of the State.

[From the Highland Messenger, June 12, 1840.]

It seems that Mr. Smith, the geographer, and the editor of the *Raleigh Register*, have taken "the responsibility" to inform "the whole world," that the Black Mountain in this County, is hereafter and forever to be called Mount Mitchell, Now, inasmuch as this has been done without once deigning to consult the good people of Buncombe, whose authority is always higher, than any powers whatever at Raleigh (as they are something like a mile above them,) we hereby give notice to all whom it may concern, and to all whom it may not concern, that Black Mountain is to be Black Mountain as long as Buncombe remains Buncombe. If Mr. Smith will publish another edition of his work, and consent to call Buncombe, Mount Smith, then we will consent to call the Black Mountain Mount Mitchell.

[From the Highland Messenger, June 19, 1840]

SMITH'S GEOGRAPHY.

It has been suggested to us that our remarks last week in reference to the change of the name of the Black Mountain, were calculated to do injustice to the individual, to perpetuate whose memory the change of the name had been proposed. It was certainly the farthest from our intention to do injustice to any one, and particularly to detract in the smallest possible degree from the well earned, and well deserved reputation of Professor Mitchell. We penned the article in question, under the impression that Mr. Smith had applied the name of Mount Mitchell, to the whole mountain range, so well known in this region as the Black Mountain.— The latter appellative has its foundation in nature, and is too old and too well established to justify any attempt at substitution. The thought would be preposterous. We are perfectly willing to concede the name of Mount Mitchell to that particular point on the Black Mountain, which Professor Mitchell, after a degree of labor and expense, which none other than a

genuine devotee of science would have incurred, demonstrated to be the most elevated point of *measured* land east of the Rocky Mountains. We say measured land, because we have long believed, and still believe that there is one, if not two points, in the same range of mountains higher than that one measured by Professor Mitchell, from forty to sixty miles west of the Black Mountain.

If Mr. Smith will, in the next edition of his work, use language a little more precise than in his last, we will concede to him the right to pronounce Mount Mitchell one of the peaks of the Black Mountain to be 6,476 feet in height, and the most elevated summit that has been as yet correctly measured in the United States. In reference to this particular peak, none will more readily or cheerfully unite in giving it the appellation of Mount Mitchell than we. It is nothing more nor less than what the worthy Professor is entitled to, as discovery is the foundation of right all over the world to regions previously unknown, and a great proportion of our geographical nomenclature will show that it frequently gives title as well as right. We shall, at a leisure hour, recur to this subject, and most respectfully invite the attention of Professor Mitchell, and other scientific gentlemen to the peaks, which, in our opinion, are much higher than those already measured.

In the meantime, an esteemed friend has kindly promised to procure and transmit to us for publication the interesting article of Professor Mitchell, on this subject, originally published in the *Raleigh Register*, and subsequently transferred to the "American Journal of Science," conducted by Professor Silliman.

During a visit to Asheville in the summer of 1843, I found the half of a large tract of land bounded for several miles by the extreme height of the Black Mountain, for sale, and more for the purpose of becoming, in connection with my friend Nicholas W. Woodfin, Esq., a proprietor of Mount Mitchell, than for any other reason, I purchased the moiety owned by W. B. Westall. Two years afterwards, in June 1845, the tract was surveyed by Nehemiah Blackstock, Esq. His son Robert V. Blackstock, was marker, the late James P. Hardy, a member of the Palmetto Regiment who died a soldier's death in Mexico, and W. F. Angel were the chain bearers.

On Wednesday the 16th June, in company with Bishop

Otey and many others, I took part in the funeral ceremonies, at the re-interment of the remains of Dr. Mitchell, on the highest peak of the Black Mountain. Among the persons present were my old friend William Wilson, whom I had not seen for many years, his cousin, Thomas Wilson, the well known guide to the Black Mountain, who was the first to discover the body of Dr. Mitchell, in the pool, at the bottom of the Falls which bear the Doctor's name, and Nathaniel Allen, the son of Adoniram Allen. The two latter are comparatively young men, and were children when I ceased to be a resident of Asheville.

Bishop Otey and myself examined each of them carefully and minutely in relation to the leading facts connected with Dr. Mitchell's explorations of the Black Mountain, and the fatal catastrophe which terminated his existence. William Wilson stated, that he was never on the spot, where we then stood, until the Summer of 1835, that then in company with his friend and neighbor Adoniram Allen, deceased, he went there as the guide of Dr. Mitchell. He entered into a detail of the leading incidents connected with the difficult and laborious ascent of the mountain, pointed out the route and referred to the most remarkable localities and objects, which then presented themselves on the way. He stated that after the exploration of 1835, he had never been on the top of this mountain until some time subsequent to Dr. Mitchell's death; when, hearing that a controversy had arisen with respect to the pinacle then measured, he determined, old and feeble as he was, to ascend it again, and had done so. He said that he recognized, as he went up from point to point, the remarkable places which had attracted his attention when he climbed it with Dr. Mitchell. He had now gone over the same route the third time, and entertained no doubt of the accuracy of his recollections. There is probably no one, whose course of life and long familiarity with this range of

mountains, entitle his statements in relation to it to more implicit confidence.

He referred repeatedly to young Mr. Allen, for confirmatory statements, in relation to the line and manner of ascent, which he had heard from his father, the late Adoniram Allen, and was corroborated by him throughout.

Mr. Thomas Wilson and Mr. Allen united with the old gentleman in the statement that this was the only peak, known during many years to the citizens of Yancey, as Mount Mitchell; and that until recently they had never heard the name applied to any other pinacle.

Mr. William Wilson mentioned in the course of his remarks, that during the time they were on the mountain, Dr. Mitchell climbed the highest Balsam he could find, cut away the limbs near the top of the tree, and after repeated observations with the instrument he carried with him for the purpose, said that the peak on which they were, was the highest of the range. I examined the tree to which Mr. Wilson pointed as the one, or near the one, which Dr. Mitchell climbed, and found the initials R. V. B., J. P. H., plainly carved in the bark. It stands within a few feet of the newly-made grave of Dr. Mitchell.

On my return to Asheville, two days after parting with Mr. Wilson, I met very unexpectedly with Mr. Robert V. Blackstock, whom I did not recollect to have seen before, but who, I am glad to hear, is worthy of his lineage. With his father, Nehemiah Blackstock, Esq., well known as an accurate surveyor, a skillful woodman, and a man of intelligence and integrity, my acquaintance began in my early boyhood. The young man, on an intimation of my desire to see his father, and examine the plat made for me in 1845, informed me that it was in Asheville, and that he could probably supply the information I desired in relation to it. He obtained it immediately. Directing my attention to the beginning corner, he traced the line from point

to point, until it reached the extreme height where Dr. M. was buried, and the marked corner tree which Mr. Wilson had shewn me, standing within a few feet of the grave.—The following entries, copied from the plat, require no explanation, for those familiar with such muniments of title. "Mitchell's highest point, Balsam, R. V. B., J. P. H."—Here Mr. Blackstock remarked that at the time he cut his initials upon that Balsam, he climbed either that tree, or one standing near it, in order to obtain a more commanding view of the mountain scenery, and that when near the top, he was surprised to find that limbs had been trimmed away, and called out to his companions below :—"some one has been here before us." Mr. B. was not on the mountain, when the funeral ceremonies took place, and had, at the time his statement was made, no knowledge of what had occurred between Mr. Wilson and myself.

Mr. William D. Cooke's map of the State was published in 1847. It is, in most respects, greatly superior to any previous attempt at a correct topographical representation of North Carolina. He had access to such surveys of roads and rivers, as had been made with a view to the internal improvement of the State, and preserved in the public offices. No surveys were made at the public expense to facilitate his labours, and he received no assistance from the public treasury. The enterprise was arduous, expensive and hazardous; and, under the circumstances, accomplished in a manner highly creditable to his industry, liberality and skill. There was no public survey to guide him in his attempt to delineate this mountain range; but there is no evidence of any effort having been made to avail himself of the best private materials, which might have rewarded proper research.

To attempt "to remove an ancient landmark," is both a private and a public wrong. To transfer the name of the discoverer of the interesting geographical fact, that the

Black is the highest mountain on the continent, east of the Mississippi, from the point designated by Smith in 1839, and by Blackstock in 1845, and place it beneath the names of a series of persons who in 1855 or subsequently, when settlements had encroached upon the base, and paths had been opened to the summit, with published data as a guide for computation, may have successively measured a loftier peak than their predecessors, is as inconsiderate as it is unjust.

Mr. Cooke cannot suppose that the point designated by him as "Mount Mitchell," in 1855, and by Blackstock as the "Party Knob" in 1845, is the summit that was measured by Dr. Mitchell in 1835. It is impossible for any one to compare Smith's map and Blackstock's plat with Cooke's map, and not perceive that it cannot be. The "Party Knob" rises near the dividing line between Buncombe and Yancey. "Mount Mitchell," as delineated by Smith and Blackstock, is in Yancey county, east of south from Burnsville, and some four miles north of the Buncombe line.

Mr. Cooke may erase "Mount Mitchell" from his map, if he chooses to do so—the continent does not bear the name of its discoverer—but he will not be permitted to perpetrate a double wrong, by placing the name of Dr. Mitchell where neither the Doctor, nor any friend of his, ever desired to see it.